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THE

POLYANTHOS.

VOLUME II.

We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth...*Dr. Johnson.*

Me in silvam abstrudo densam atque asperam...*Cicero.*

Boston:

PUBLISHED BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM,
WINTER-STREET.

1806.

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

APRIL, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *MR. JOHN BERNARD.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

For sprightly parts of higher life design'd,
Where fashion's airy whims delude the mind,
Where homely Reason yields to polish'd Pride,
And Nature's vulgar feelings are denied,
Bernard, with lively taste and easy mien,
Gives gay precision to the comick scene.
Anon.

The book of man he reads with nicest art,
And ransacks all the secrets of the heart;
The coxcomb feels a lash in every word;
. . . . . .
His comick humour keeps the world in awe,
And Laughter frightens Folly more than Law.
Churchill.

OF the various classes of men that present themselves to the pen of the biographer, there is none whose memoirs are read with greater avidity than those who have arisen to eminence in the histrionick art. Such as have attained this distinction by professional talents, and virtuous private character, are justly entitled to publick re-

spect; and by frequently giving such characters a place, in periodical publications, a service is rendered to society. "For the real end of both tragedy and comedy," says a late writer, "is to extend the knowledge of human life, and improve those affections of our nature by which we are distinguished. Tragedy, strictly speaking, excites compassion by the exhibition of human sorrows; and Comedy ridicules the frailties and infirmities of mortals, after a manner which may prove conducive to the rectification of them. To cherish pity and correct weakness must claim our regard." It is to be lamented, however, that this object has not always been kept in view; and the American theatre, in many respects, has been highly censurable. But we hope the time is not very distant, when some of its excrescences will be lopped off, and the stage be respected, as *the imitation of life—the mirror of manners—the representation of truth.*

JOHN BERNARD, the subject of the present memoir, was born at Portsmouth, in England. His father was a lieutenant in the British navy, and the son was designed for the same course of life. It seems, however, that young Bernard chose rather to follow the banners of Thalia than Bellona; and an early and unconquerable prepossession in favour of the stage defeated the intentions of his parents.

We have not been informed at what particular time or place Mr. B. began his theat-

rical career. When a boy, he left his parents and joined an itinerant company of comedians. In this situation, before he was eighteen years of age, he was noticed by some gentlemen of Norwich, who spread such a favourable report of his talents, that the manager at that place sent him an invitation to join his company, with the offer of *twenty-five shillings* per week. As his salary had never before exceed nine or ten shillings, this invitation was accepted.

After performing a short time at Norwich, he, with his wife, whom he had just married, was invited to Bath, where he soon acquired the "gale of favour," and for a considerable time was the principal favourite of the town. His fame at length reached the metropolis; and Mr. Harris engaged him at Covent Garden.

His first appearance on that stage was in 1787, in the character of *Archer*. He was received with universal applause, and for some time had no competitor in the light and foppish characters of the drama. When Mr. Munden was engaged at this theatre, Mr. Bernard retired from London, and performed at Plymouth, Dover, and Guernsey. In a short time, however, he returned to Covent Garden, where he continued till 1797, when he came to America.

Mr. Bernard appears to have been held in high estimation in London; and his secession from Covent Garden was deeply regret-

ted by publick admirers as well as private friends.

During his residence in London he produced several dramatick entertainments which met with approbation. One of these, called *The Poor Sailor, or Little Bob and Little Ben*, was written partly for the purpose of bringing forward a young person, whose talents Mr. B. thought were not properly estimated. While residing in Plymouth, he kept a vocabulary of sea-phrases, which he found of service in the composition of this piece. The songs, which the writer of this article is well assured were the entire production of Mr. Bernard, were printed and given away at the doors of the theatre. They were highly applauded; but, from the unwillingness of the publick to look favourably on a man in the two-fold capacity of author and actor, they were attributed to some other pen, and the real author never received the credit which was justly his due. Mr. B. is likewise the author of several fugitive pieces of poetry, which are now in the possession of the editor, and shall decorate some of the future numbers of the Polyanthos.

In 1798, a society called *The Strangers at Home*, was founded at Garrick's Head, which for "*wit, harmony, regularity* and *consequence*," eclipsed every club in London. Among the founders of it were Mr. Bernard and Mr. Fennell. A right reverend divine, Mr. Harley, was chaplain, and Mr. O'Keefe poet laureat, to the society. O'Keefe had enga-

ged to write a constitutional song; but failing to produce it in season, the following was written at a few hours notice, by Mr. Bernard.

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG of the STRANGERS AT HOME;

Consisting of a Catalogue of Plays and Farces.

I.

DICK Ranter, the spouter, a king at quotation,
To elope with Miss Kitty receiv'd invitation;
Her letter ran thus—*All the World is a Stage,*
So say *What you will*, 'tis *Bon Ton* to engage.

II.

Dick snatch'd up a pen, overjoyed at the task,
And thus he replied——My sweet *Virgin Unmask'd*,
Trip to Scotland you want, but should I be inclin'd,
The *Critick* now asks, would *You know your own Mind?*

III.

The *Comedy of Errours* might fall in our way,
Reparation might *Bellow*, or *Duellist* slay;
Love for Love, though enchanting, it may not last long,
And *The Grey Beards* would tell us we're *All in the Wrong*.

IV.

But just *As you like it*, without *Much Ado*,
Ways and Means we will find to see fam'd *Fontainbleau*:
A Bold Stroke, Neck or Nothing, Dick Ranter's your man,
There are *More Ways than One*, so *Stop him who can*.

V.

My *Belle's Stratagem's* good, yet *Contrivances* find,
The Hypocrite play, your *Duenna* to blind;
This *Elopement* a *Clandestine Marriage* she'll 'gage,
For *Love laughs at Locksmiths* in every age.

VI.

She would and she would not, I'll ne'er say of you,
The Romance of an Hour you ne'er had in view;
The Romp, not *The Fool*, your intent has displayed,
Therefore *Miss in her Teens* shall not die *The Old Maid*.

VII.

The Positive Man will bet high we're undone,
While *Adventurers* at *Chances* will take *Two to One*.

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School for Scandal will state in *The Liar's* gazette,
Three Weeks after Marriage, *A Wife to be let*.

VIII.

Duplicity's rock *Just in Time* will I shun,
And from *Gamesters* and all their vile tricks will I run;
In their deep *Road to Ruin* I never will halt,
But still bear in mind *Every One has his Fault*.

IX.

The Way to get married 'tis plain you have found,
Yet *Maids as they are* all my senses confound;
By *Wives as they were* fix your dress and your mind,
And *A Cure for the Heart-Ach* we ever shall find.

X.

Our *Cholerick Fathers* will melt and grow mild,
When *The Padlock* of Hymen secures *The Spoiled Child*;
And *The Wags* with *Odd Ditties* will new tune their throats,
When the sweet *Voice of Nature* has sown her *Wild Oats*.

XI.

Man and Wife we must [illegible] *Cross Purposes* play,
Lest *Separate Maintenance* lead us astray;
'Tis *The Way of the World*, *Reprisals* to make,
But avoid *Lovers' Quarrels*, they're all from *Mistake*.

XII.

If you seek a *Divorce*, never marry again,
For *A Wife of Two Husbands* on wedlock's a stain;
Let the sweet *Voice of Nature* our passions still tune,
And each month of our lives be a new *Honey Moon*.

XIII.

The Will of my father I hear has a flaw,
The West-Indian asserts he's the true *Heir at Law*;
But with *Love in a Cottage* we'll *Cheap Living* find,
And mum—I've *The Secret* for *Raising the Wind*.

XIV.

At the soft *Midnight Hour* I'll wait your approach,
In a chaise for *The Heiress*, I hate *The Stage Coach*;
Wedding Ring shall be ready, and *I'll tell you what*,
A Word to the Wise, we'll rehearse *Tit for Tat*.

XV.

The Agreeable Surprise you shall often obtain;
But of *Love's Labour lost* you must never complain,
Nor chide *The Inconstant*, of mirth when brimfull,
If he join in the laugh or the roar of *John Bull*.

The last line of verses 5 and 15 have been lately altered, and verses 12 and 13 added, by the author.

Mr. Bernard's first appearance on the American stage was made at New-York, Aug. 17, 1797, in the character of *Goldfinch*, in the Road to Ruin. He was engaged by Mr. Wignell, and at the opening of the winter campaign was introduced to the Philadelphia audience in the characters of *Ruttekin* and *The Liar*. He continued at that place till the summer of 1803.

In the autumn of 1803, he was engaged by Mr. Powell, manager of the Boston theatre. He appeared in the character of *Humphrey Gubbins*, in the Battle of Hexham, and received from a brilliant audience the most unequivocal demonstrations of applause. His professional talents and reputable conduct in private life have recommended him to the publick favour.

Curiosity is fixed on the figure of men who have filled any unusual space in the publick eye. Mr. Bernard's person is of the middling size and well made, his complexion ruddy and hair dark. His great power in varying his features enables him, as it were, to identify himself with the person he is to represent. To this the compass of his voice and the accuracy of his ear greatly contribute; while his eye has the happy faculty of *looking the passion* he means to express. To these advantages for forming an actor,

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may be added a discriminating judgment and a taste improved by cultivation.

Whatever merit attaches to industry in his profession, may be justly considered as belonging to Mr. Bernard. He studies the sense of his author with indefatigable diligence; and is always at home in the various parts which he undertakes to act. An enlightened audience, which will not be insulted with impunity, by the culpable negligence of actors, appreciates this respectful attention more than is generally imagined.

His range of acting has been extensive—from the most polished gentleman to the most awkward clown, through the intermediate families of fops, humourists, and distinctive characters of various kinds. Our limits will only allow us to mention such as, *Lord Ogleby*, *Goldfinch*, *Sheva*, in "the Benevolent Hebrew," the *Jew* in the "Jew and Doctor," *Nipperkin*, *Dennis Brulgruddery*, *Farmer Ashfield*, *Ruttekin*, *Lovegold* and *Diddler*. All which characters, and many more, it is well known, have been been personated by him with great applause.

Mr. Bernard's *Lord Ogleby*, which appeared first on one of the London Theatres, at the same time the celebtated Mr. King was playing in the same character at the other, was alone sufficient to have made the former rank high on the list of the distinguished actors of the age. Since that period, he has improved much in this part, and since the

death of Mr. King, is it presumed by those who have seen it performed in Europe as well as in America, Mr. Bernard's assumption would not suffer by a comparison with that of any performer now on the stage.

We must still be indulged in just touching on his uncommon success in the difficult part of *Lovegold*, in the "Miser." This he played in Boston the winter before last, for the first time in his life. In it, he displayed the skill of a master: for it proved to be his *chef d'œuvre*. It has been said by a person who has seen Moliere's Miser performed in Paris and Fielding's in London, that it is doubtful in his mind, whether this character has not been exhibited with as much fidelity to nature, in Boston, as in either of those capitals. The lesson, on the miserable consequences resulting from an inordinate love of riches, could not have been more strongly impressive. Nor could the *the ill-sorted connection* of *avarice* and *gallantry* have been more effectually exposed to ridicule, than it was by Mr. Bernard in this character of *Lovegold*, aided by Mrs. Shaw in that of *Lappet*. It is but justice to say, her representation was highly spirited and correct. The inimitable comick humour interspersed in the principal scene between them must have set all human gravity of muscles at defiance. In the excess of frantick feeling, when the miser discovers he has been robbed of his darling treasure, Bernard rose with his subject; and

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without ranting, or outstepping "the modesty of nature," he expressed by turns, the furious yet debilitating passions of *rage*, *grief* and *despair*, with their appropriate characteristicks and with uncommon effect.

It is with great satisfaction we have to add, that the person of whom we are now treating is not less *estimable* for his *moral*, than *respectable* in his *professional*, character. He is entitled to the better plaudit for having performed well all the relative duties of life. He is a constant and serious attendant on religious worship. He was a good husband. During the last winter he lost an excellent wife, with whom he had lived many years in the greatest conjugal happiness. By her he has three children, to whom he is a tender and indulgent parent, and for whose welfare, he is solicitious to realize a competent and independent provision. This induces him, however liberal in his disposition, to attend to a strict economy in the management of his affairs. His salary and benefits have been so handsomely productive, that he has laid up money since he has been in America. His prospects are now still more favourable than they have been.

The Theatre in Boston has been let by the proprietors, for five years, to the present managers, of whom Mr. B. is one. He embarked for England, a few days ago, to bring out a reinforcement to the company. We sincerely wish that he may meet with suc-

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cess; that the publick may be gratified with the elegant and interesting amusement of a well regulated and improved Theatre; and that the managers and all concerned may be generally rewarded for their honest endeavours to provide this rational gratification for the town.

We understand there are a number of anecdotes respecting Mr. Bernard, in a work printed some years since in England, from which we entertain a hope of being able to make some amusing extracts in a future number. J.

Newbury-Street, April, 1806.

For the Polyanthos.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, especially the parchments.
2 Tim. iv. 13.

Several conjectures upon the contents of the parchments, which Paul seems most anxious to regain, have been made by the curious and learned. Some have supposed that they contained his freedom bill, as a Roman citizen, which he thought would be of use to him in his trial. Others have conjectured that they were the originals of his epistles, which he had written and sent to several churches. As this second epistle to Timothy was written during his last confinement at Rome, and not long before his martyr-

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dom, it is highly probable that they contained some instructions which he had penned under divine inspiration, and wished to preserve for the edification of the body of Christ, which is the church.

That written notes, or sermons, are better calculated to answer this important end, which is the grand object of the christian ministry, than extemporaneous addresses, I shall endeavour in the following paragraphs to show.

The opposers to written sermons, who are generally among the illiterate, the artful and the vain, refer us to apostolick example. Whatever conclusion may be drawn from this argument, it is certainly a very unfair way of reasoning. The principles on which the argument is founded are not of general application; of course the conclusion is unjust when applied to preachers in general. The apostles, it is granted, were under immediate inspiration; they were endowed with various miraculous gifts, which eminently qualified them without previous study and labour for the work of the ministry. To make their reasoning just and conclusive, they ought to grant what they seem not disposed to grant, that all whom Christ commissions to preach are endowed with miraculous gifts. Besides, it does not appear that the apostles did not occasionally write their discourses. We know that they wrote many epistles, which differ in nothing but the

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name from didactick and popular harangues. We have abundant proof that they *could* write with great elegance and pathos. We have a high degree of probability in favour of the conclusion, that they frequently *did* write their publick addresses to the people.

There are many reasons for inducing the teachers of religion to study and pen their publick discourses. The truths of religion are of too great weight to be trusted to the uncertain impulse of the moment. Their reception into the hearts of the auditors greatly depends on the dress in which they are presented to them, and the arrangement in which they are brought forward.

Preaching with notes has many advantages which extemporaneous instruction cannot boast, and is free from those evils which usually attend the other mode of preaching. These are, want of method and connection, ill choice of words, sameness of sentiment and phraseology, scarcity of ideas, unintentional errours, mis-quotations and constructions, and finally, inflammatory addresses, which put the passions in motion, but impart no strength to the understanding to direct or control them. Dr. Cotton Mather in his day remarked, that there were some in New-England, who preached to tolerable acceptance without the use of notes; *sed rari apparent*; but they rarely appear.

I shall conclude with the remarks of several eminent divines, which I find collected

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by the indefatigable author of the "Magnolia Christi."

Bishop Burnet observes, 'that many complaints were made of those who were licensed to preach about the time of the reformation; and that they might be able to justify themselves, they began to write and read their sermons. Thus did this custom begin in New-England; by which what is wanting in heat and force of delivery is made up by the strength and solidity of the matter.'

Mr. Baxter says, 'I use notes as much as any body when I take pains, and as little as any man when I am lazy.'

Dr. Mather adds his own remarks on this subject, which I think are incomparably excellent, brilliant and just. 'I would have a distinction made between the reading of notes and the using of them. If the preacher use his notes as the lawyer does his minutes, and carry a full quiver into the pulpit, from which he may at one glance of his eye, after the lively shooting of one arrow fetch out the next, it might be a thousand ways advantageous.' A.

Chelmsford, April, 1806.

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SELECTIONS

From the "Beauties of Owen Felltham."

.....

ON FAME.

It seems strange that man should be excited by the desire of a noble fame and memory after his death, when the account must pass upon his actions, and not upon the report of others. Virtue were a kind of misery if Fame only were all the garland that crowned her. Glory alone would be a reward incompetent for the toils of industrious man: this follows him but on earth; in heaven is laid up a more noble, more essential recompense: yet in others I will honour the fame, where deserving deeds have given birth to it—in myself, I will regard those actions that may merit it. I will not for itself seek it, though I shall be glad if it may follow me, to excite others that they may go beyond me. If I can but tread the path that leads to it, I shall on my own account be content. Check thyself, vain man, that with the ardour of a diseased fancy dost pursue fleeting shadows! Love substances, and hear what Boetus tells thee;

He that seeks a glorious prize,
Thinking that the top of all,
Let him view the expanded skies,
And the earth's contracted ball;
Then blush to think that glory's plan
Is bounded by the breath of man.

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ON THE USE OF PLEASURE.

The wisdom of Demosthenes was admirable in the answer he returned to Corinthian Lais, "I would not buy repentance at so dear a rate." Surely pleasure is lawful, and God at first did ordain it for use, and if we take it as it was provided for us, we take it without a sting; but when in the measure or manner we exceed, we sully the pure stream. As every dishonest action is but an earnest laid down for grief, so vice is the infallible forerunner of wretchedness; on the best conditions it brings repentance and torment too.

I like those pleasures that are legitimated by the bounty of heaven, after which no fancied goblin upbraids the sense for using them: such may be dreamt over and not disturb my sleep; the use of them is like taking off the parching of the summer sun by bathing in a pure and crystal fountain; while unlawful pleasures, though they look fair and attractive, carry a venomous quality with them.

A wise man will not venture on that for present enjoyment, which will inevitably involve him in future pain and suffering. Whatever we do, we ought first to examine the sequel or end; if that be good, our pleasures will be crowned with ease and content; but to rush on any delight that must end in sadness, suits not the prudence of a sound mind;

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it is but over-rating pleasure to undervalue vexation, and like a beast to be caught in the snare by dint of appetite.

ON POLICY IN FRIENDSHIP.

POLICY in friendship is like logick in truth, a kind of crafty wisdom that turneth every thing to self profit. Give me a friend who is virtuously wise, not cunningly hid. Scipio would not believe it was the counsel of a wise man, which taught so to love as if we were soon to hate. The purpose of true affection is perpetuity: that friendship which is soon at an end was never well begun. The politick heart is too full of angles and devices for a plain and honest character to meddle with. The end of policy is for a man to make himself great; the end of true friendship is to promote the interest and well-being of another. The perfection of love is constancy, and of friendship disinterestedness.

ON OSTENTATION.

HE that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is at least inconsiderate, and knows little of the casualties which man is exposed to; if he had intrinsick worth, he would rather wait till the world had found it, than impatiently proclaim it; it is more true satisfaction for a man to know himself honest than for all the world to approve him so. Virtue is built upon herself, and we disgrace her.

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work when we go about to seduce the voice of approbation.

Phocion called bragging Laosthenes the cypress tree, which makes a fair shew, but seldom bears any fruit. He that does good for applause only, fails of the right end, since to be truly virtuous is to be so for virtue's sake. To act well is as much applause as a good man labours for. When a soldier boasted too much of a scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus if he did not get it when he looked back in flight. To neglect fame is far more noble than to beg it. We do but undervalue goodness, when, slighting her inward approbation, we seek the uncertain warrant of men.

ON CURIOSITY IN KNOWLEDGE.

THE delight of some men seems to be to puzzle the soul, and to dazzle the mind's dim sight. In matters whereof we may be certain, it is well worth the labour to be instructed; but in religion itself, where reason is at a loss, I will be content to retire with admiration. Much may be gained by studious enquiry, while that which remains is as a sea, which is too deep for the confined powers of the human mind to fathom. One will tell us of our Saviour's disputations among the doctors, and another what became of the body of Moses: the schools have made more questions than they have decid-

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ed, leading us by nearer approaches to a sun that blinds us. The husbandman who looks not beyond the plough and the scythe, is in much more quiet than the divided mind of the sceptick. Why should we rack our brains for unprofitable discoveries? Since, though we cannot know how much is hid, we may profit by what is discovered.

DRAMATICK CRITICISM.

HOME'S DOUGLAS.

[*From the Theatrical Censor.*]

THE favourite tragedy of "Douglas," in spite of its numerous beauties, must always, like many other dramas, owe the greater part of its reputation to stage effect. Even in the theatre, it is far from affording that unmixed pleasure, which springs from the conception of a tale, noble, lovely, or comick, in all its parts, and from the awakening in the mind of no other ideas than those of truth and virtue. That Lady Randolph should, in early life, have lost both her husband and her child; that her succeeding years should have been passed in grief; that this child should be at length restored, and restored a noble youth, filled with martial fire, and worthy of his father and of her; that this cup of joy should be again dashed from her lips; that this

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—— hapless son of a most hapless sire,

—" the beautiful, the brave," should almost instantly perish; and that her exhausted spirit should sink under this last wound; all these are circumstances highly interesting, and the combination of which is truly tragick: it fills us with the sublime sentiment of pity for suffering virtue.—Add to this, Douglas contains much harmony of versification, much richness of language, and much grandeur of thought. But, when we are obliged to follow the mean and intricate story of Lady Randolph's second marriage, and the pretended mourning for her brother, (an artifice acted for so long a period) we are shocked at that continued insincerity of which a noble mind is utterly incapable. A poet, indeed, may learn in the barbarian school of the world, to patch together incongruities like these, but he will never see them, where alone he ought to copy, in *la belle nature*. The hero of a poem may be imperfect; but not in those points which constitute the very essence of a hero. He may commit great crimes through the violence of passion; but never the smallest through deliberate deceit. He must, in the language of Elvira, " if not always *justly*, at least act always *greatly*."

It is well known, that Mr. Home was dismissed from the ministry of the church of Scotland on account of this production. The event has usually been attributed to the nar-

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row principles of the presbytery, in whose eyes the pen of a clergyman was polluted by writing for the stage. It might be so: but, upon the whole, we are not entirely surprised that a body, having the authority, should exercise this severity toward the author of Douglas. There are many passages which do not evince the greatest correctness of thinking. We shall not insist on those *helps* to superstition which might be pointed out, but which the world does not appear to call immoral, nor those mistaken ideas of Providence which afflict so many of mankind. We shall content ourselves with holding up one instance, in which our judgment will have a better chance of general support. The seducer, Glenalvon, hypocritically defends himself in these words:

> Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
> Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
> If he is brought by love to misery,
> In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
> Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
> Which on such beggars freely is bestowed:
> For mortals know that love is still their lord,
> And o'er their vain resolves advances still.

Surely this sophistry should have received a different reply from Lady Randolph than that which is "set down for her:"

> Reserve those accents for another ear;
> To love's apology I listen not.

Glenalvon, like a true sophist, confounds love with seduction; Lady Randolph, with the clear-headedness of virtue, should, in one word, have separated them.

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But Lady Randolph is disgraced on other occasions. Does she not satirize the sex, when she says to her child, and on such an occasion,

> Arise, my son! in me thou dost behold
> The poor remains of beauty once admired?

This is the language of a poet and not that of a mother.

We shall examine no further the imperfections of this play, but turn to a rapid view of some of those many beauties which justify its fame. Two scenes alone have any considerable pretensions to dramatick merit; the discovery and the death of Douglas. In the former, the poet has some fine touches, and the actor a field for the display of considerable powers.—When Norval relates that he saved the infant from the river, Lady Randolph is so convinced that that infant was her son, that she makes no enquiry about its case, but only—

> —Was he alive?

She is assured he was. Her imagination still dictates. She has no doubt of his death:

> Inhuman that thou art,
> How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared?

Norval delivers, at some length, a remark of a merely general nature:

> The needy man, &c.

Passages of this kind often deserve no better name than that of splendid errours of dramatick genius. The present is very natur-

ally placed; but if it become the mouth of Norval, what a burst of excellence does it not call for in the representative of Lady Randolph! With what an agony of impatience must not a mother hear this interruption of the history of her "long-lost hope!" How often must she be on the point of interrupting it; and with what difficulty must she restrain herself, in expectation that still the next word will speak of Douglas.

Her imagination never gives up the worst: "Not many days ago," says Norval, "he was alive." She "wrests his words to her purpose," and exclaims,

O heavenly powers! did he then die so lately?

But what a victory of the heart, what an abandonment of every prudential consideration, when she arrives at the end of the narrative! for her first marriage, and the birth of her child, were alike secrets which she had carefully preserved—

'Tis he! 'tis he himself! It is my son!
O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!

In the short dialogue that precedes the death of Douglas, every line contains some beauty of the first order. It is difficult to say, whether the last surpass, or only equal, all the rest.

—— My eyes, that gaze on thee,
Grow dim apace!—My mother!—O my mother!

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DON PEDRO I. OF PORTUGAL.

THE royal monastery of Alcobaca is seated in a pretty village of the same name, about fifteen leagues north of Lisbon; it is well sheltered, particularly towards the west, by rising grounds, which gradually ascend to an immense elevation. It was founded in the year 1170, by Alphonso the First, King of Portugal, in consequence of taking the fortress of Santerem from the Moors, the capture of which he previously avowed to commemorate by a monastery. A Portuguese writer, in speaking of this magnificent structure, says, its cloisters are cities, its sacristy a church, and the church a basilisk.

Among the Portuguese interred in this monastery there are two, viz. DON PEDRO and DONNA IGNEZ DE CASTRO. Contiguous to the transept of the church belonging to this convent, there is a gothick mausoleum of hewn stone, in the middle of which are two magnificent sepulchres of white marble, containing the remains of Don Pedro the First, King of Portugal, and of Donna Ignez de Castro, his consort. A cumbent effigy of each is placed on their respective tombs, by which the former is represented with a long beard, a severe countenance, and in the act of drawing his sword. The latter is represented with a beautiful, innocent countenance, dressed in royal robes, and adorned with the diadem.

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There are but few personages recorded in history who have been oftener celebrated by dramatick writers than this princess. There have been no less than five tragedies formed from her pitiful narrative ; *viz.* two in English, one in French, one in Spanish, and one in Portuguese. The latter, perhaps, aproaches the nearest to the truth of history, and is not inferiour in point of poetical merit. The author, *Senhor Nicola Luis*, had no occasion to resort to fiction to heighten the passions of an audience, as the simple facts are sufficient to fill up all the scenes of pity and terrour, and to shew to what lengths love and revenge are capable of transporting the human mind.

The subject of this tragical piece is as follows : Don Pedro, son of Alonzo the Fourth, King of Portugal, and heir apparent to the crown, having fallen in love with a lady of the court, named Donna Ignez de Castro, thought he could not share the crown which awaited him with a more amiable person. She united to all the charms of beauty, the most amiable and accomplished manners. The prince, waving all considerations of birth and fortune, was privately married to her by the Bishop of Guarda.

Notwithstanding the nuptials were performed with all the secresy imaginable, yet they reached the King's ear, who had premeditated a consort for Don Pedro in the King of Castile's daughter. He questioned him

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as to the truth of the report; but knowing his father's arbitrary disposition, he thought it prudent then to conceal the fact.

The noblity also had intimation of the marriage, and the preference given to Ignez had awakened their jealousy. Hence they took every opportunity of representing her as a woman of the greatest ambition, and pretended that very fatal consequences were to be apprehended from such an alliance; they also condemned the Prince as a rash and disobedient son.

The King, who was a man of weak understanding, gave ear to their calumny, and they worked upon his passions to that degree that he resolved to murder the unfortunate Princess. Accordingly he set out to perpetrate the horrid deed, accompanied by three of his courtiers, and a number of armed men.

Donna Ignez at this time resided in Coimbra, in the palace of Santa Clara, where she passed her time in the most private manner, educating her children, and attending to the duties of her domestick affairs.

The Prince, unfortunately, was abroad on a hunting party when the King arrived. The beautiful victim came out to meet him with her two infant children, who clung about his knees, screaming aloud for mercy. She prostrates herself at his feet, bathes them with tears, and supplicates pity for her children, beseeching him to banish her to some

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remote desart, where she would gladly wander an exile with her babes.

The feelings of nature arrested his arm, just raised to plunge a dagger in her breast. But his counsellors, urging the necessity of her death, and reproaching him for his disregard to the welfare of the nation, he relapsed into his former resolution, and commanded them to dispatch her; at which they rushed forward, regardless of the cries of innocence and beauty, and instantly struck off her head!

Soon after the above transaction the Prince arrived; but, alas! found those eyes, that were used to watch his return with impatience, closed in death. The sight of beloved Ignez weltering in gore, filled his mind with distraction, and kindled every spark of revenge within his soul. In all the agony of rage he called on the avenging hand of heaven to punish those monsters who deprived him of all he held dear upon earth.

As soon as her remains were interred, he put himself at the head of an army who sympathized with his distress; he carried fire and sword through the adjacent provinces, and laid waste the estates of the murderers. The royal troops could not oppose them; they fled at the appearance of the gallant avengers of innocence. But the King, wretched man! could not fly from himself; the cries of his grand children still echoed in his ears, and the bleeding image of their unfortunate

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mother was still before his eyes. Death at length commiserated his situation, and he expired full of repentance for his accumulated crimes. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father.

The prince now ascended the throne in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He no sooner obtained the power, than he meditated to revenge the death of his beloved Ignez. The three murderers, namely, Pedro Coello, Diogo Lopez Pacheo, and Alvaro Gonsalvez, had fled into Castile previous to the death of the late King. The prince ordered them to be tried on a charge of high treason, and being found guilty, their effects were confiscated. Next, he contrived to seize their persons, by agreeing with the King of Castile that both should reciprocally deliver up the Portuguese and Castilian fugitives, who sought protection in their respective dominions. Gonsalvez and Coello were accordingly arrested, and sent in chains to Portugal; Pacheo escaped into France.

The King was at Santerem when the delinquents were brought to him, and instantly ordered them to be laid on a pyre that was previously formed, contiguous to which he had a banquet prepared. Before the torch was kindled, and whilst they agonized at every pore under the most lingering tortures, their hearts were cut out, one at his breast, the other at his back. Lastly, the pyre was set in a blaze, in presence of which he dined, whilst they evaporated in flames.

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Having thus far appeased his insatiable thirst of revenge, he ordered his marriage with Donna Ignez to be published throughout the kingdom; then her body was taken out of the sepulchre, covered with regal robes, and placed on a magnificent throne, around which his ministers assembled and did homage to their lawful Queen.

After this ceremony, her corpse was translated from Coimbra to Alcobaca, with a pomp hitherto unknown in the kingdom; though the distance between these two places is fifty-two miles, yet the road was lined on both sides all the way with people holding lighted tapers. The funeral was attended by all the noblemen and gentlemen in Portugal, dressed in long mourning cloaks; their ladies also attended in white mourning veils.

The cloud which the above disaster cast over the mind of Don Pedro was never totally dispersed, and as he lived in a state of celibacy the remainder of his life, agreeable to his vow, there was nothing to divert his attention from ruminating on the fate of his beloved spouse. The impression her death made on him was strongly characterised, not only in the tortures he inflicted on her murderers, but also in the acts of his administration, which, from their severity, induced some to give him the appellation of Pedro the cruel; by others he was called Pedro the just.

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MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

CRITICKS.

Some author, if I mistake not, has coarsely styled criticks *the dray-horses of literature.* But it would be more just to assign them the same rank in letters, which the tillers of the ground occupy among mankind. The earth produces bountifully—but to little or no purpose, did not the husbandman pluck away the noxious and useless plants, and select the wholesome, agreeable, useful ones, as the objects of cultivation, and the sources of his gain. His profession is the most honourable, for it is the most necessary and important: yet he is often slighted and avoided, while the soft-fingered, smerk-faced courtier receives unremitted attention.

Thus the criticks—they are more serviceable in the republick of letters, than any other class of writers, inasmuch as they excite enquiry, eradicate absurd principles, correct perverse taste, cultivate judgment, and direct the attention to such works and such means as will produce the best intellectual harvest. They delve in a barren soil, till something like fecundity appears—and again they prune a forest, "wild above rule or art," till it is admired for its regularity and beauty. They remove the rubbish and the rust of years, and present to our view a field of rich and deep soil, yielding fruit and flowers

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in profusion. So Addison unfolded the stores of Miltons's matchless mind.

Still they are servants, and worse than servants; for they are not only not courted, but are often shunned as cautiously as pirates, while the whining novelist, and the fawning, fibbing poetaster, those fire-flies and butterflies of literature, are the delight (and I may add playthings) of the great and the fashionable world. Almost every person hates a critick, even though the one should, by the other's instruction, arrive at excellence. The most lenient of this unfortunate race (unless absolute panders) are looked upon as growlers, the most honest and persevering as necessary drudges; and the chief satisfaction they can receive, while living, is that of enjoying independent and just sentiments—which is more, I fear, than falls to the lot of those who merit their strictures. A captious critick should receive no quarter; and a just and able one must be content with safety and solitude. Their productions are but common and durable stuff, which is ever held in ordinary; although if this were prohibited in literary traffick, the remaining commerce would, ere long, consist chiefly in "show and empty sound,"—They are emphatically *the farmers of literature.*

Troy Gaz.

ON POLITENESS.

Excessive and too frequent marks of respect and esteem only tire those to whom they

are addressed, and on that account are the contrary of true politeness, whose only end is to please. It is a great art, to know how to vary these according to persons and circumstances. That which is only due respect to a superiour, would be to an equal accounted over-strained complaisance or affectation.

CUMBERLAND.

The dramatick and philological writings of this author are well known; and when I read the works of so pious and amiable a writer, I cannot but wish his "*Calvary, or the Death of Christ,*" might be more generally read. In the 5th book of this Poem, after having invoked those "sacred Guides," the Evangelists, to aid his attempts to describe the sufferings and death of our Saviour, he makes the following incidental remarks. The sentiments and style of this extract alike have charmed me; and, on the subject of worldly favour and temporary fame, I never found its compeer. *Troy Gaz.*

Musing my pious theme, as fits a bard
Far onward in the wintry track of age,
I shun the Muses' haunts, nor dalliance hold
With fancy by the way, but travel on
My mournful road, a Pilgrim grey with years;
One that finds little favour with the world,
Yet thankful for its least benevolence
And patient of its taunts; for never yet
Lured I the popular ear with gibing tales,
Or sacrificed the modesty of song,
Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feasts
To make the vulgar sport, and win their mouth

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Me rather the still voice delights, the praise
Whispered, not published by fame's braying trump;
Be thou my herald nature! Let me please
The sacred few, let my remembrance live
Embosomed by the virtuous and the wise;
Make me, O Heav'n! by those, who love thee, loved:
So when the widow's and the children's tears
Shall sprinkle the cold dust, in which I sleep
Pompless and from a scornful world withdrawn,
The laurel, which its malice rent, shall shoot
So watered into life, and mantling throw
Its verdant honours o'er my grassy tomb.

SENECA.

How fortunate is the guess of Seneca with regard to the discovery afterwards made by Columbus. Had he been one of the fathers of the christian church, it would doubtless have been considered as a prophecy. Having occasion to speak of the first navigators of the ship Argo, he burst forth into all the inspiration of poetry, foretelling more adventurous expeditions in the latter ages of the world, and the discovery of a new and more extensive continent in the west. His words, in an English translation, are as follow:

Time shall disclose a further shore,
And seas stretcht out earth's ample round;
New pilots shall new worlds explore,
Nor Thule be the western bound.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

Very early in life, (says a modern author,) I resided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or six of my countrymen to view the pictures in the Pa-

lais Royal. A gentleman, who affected an enthusiastick passion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greatest desire to be thought a connoisseur, was of the party. He had read the lives of the painters, and had the *Voyage Pittoresque de Paris* by art. From the moment we entered the rooms he began to display all the refinement of his art. He shook his head at some pictures, tossed up his nose at others; commended a few, and pronounced sentence on every piece as he passed along.

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taste stopped short in the extacy of admiration.—One of the company had already passed it without minding it, and was looking at another picture, on which the connoisseur bawled out—"Good God, Sir! what are you about?" The honest gentleman started and stared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

"Have you eyes in your head, Sir?" continued the connoisseur: "Don't you know St. John when you see him?"

"St. John!" replied the other in amazement; "Aye Sir; St. John the Baptist, in propria persona."

"I don't know what you mean, Sir," said the gentleman, peevishly.

"Don't you?" rejoined the connoisseur; "then I'll endeavour to explain myself. I mean St. John in the wilderness, by the di-

vine Rafaelle Sonzio da Urbino, and here it stands by your side.—Pray, my dear Sir, will you be so obliging as to bestow a little of your attention on that foot? Does it not start from the wall? Is it not perfectly out of the frame? did you ever see such colouring? They talk of Titian; can Titian's colouring excel that? What truth, what nature in the head! To the elegance of the antique, he has joined the simplicity of nature."

We stood listening in silent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections he had enumerated: when a person in the Duke of Orleans' service, came and informed us, that the original, which he presumed was the picture we wished to see, was in another room: the Duke having allowed a painter to copy it. That which we had been looking at, was a very wretched daubing done from the original by some obscure painter, and had been thrown, with the other rubbish, into a corner, where the Swiss had accidentally discovered it, and hung it up merely by way of covering the vacant space on the wall, till the other should be replaced.

How the connoisseur looked on this trying occasion, I cannot say. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him. I fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not safe, in this science, to speak even from the book.

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BOISSY THE POET.

Boissy, the author of several dramatick pieces that were received with applause, met the common fate of those who give themselves up entirely to the arts of the muses. He laboured and toiled unremittingly—his works procured him fame, but no bread. He languished, with a wife and child, under the pressure of the extremest poverty.

But melancholy as his situation was, he lost nothing of that pride which is peculiar to genius, whether great or small; he could not creep and fawn at the feet of a patron. He had friends who would have administered relief to him; but they were never made acquainted with his real condition, or had not friendly impetuosity enough to force their assistance upon him.

Boissy became a prey to distress and despondency.—The shortest way to rid himself at once from all his misery seemed to him to be death. Death appeared to him as a friend, as a saviour, and deliverer; and gained his affection. His tender spouse, who was no less weary of life, listened with participation when he declaimed with all the warmth of poetick rapture, of deliverance from this earthly prison, and of the smiling prospect of futurity; and at length resolved to accompany him in death. But she could not bear to think of leaving her beloved son,

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of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow; it was therefore agreed to take the child along with them on their passage into another and better.

They were firmly resolved to die. But what mode of death should they adopt? They made choice of the most horrible—of starving: accordingly they waited, in their solitary and deserted apartment, their dear deliverer death, in his most ghastly form.—Their resolution and their fortitude were immoveable.

They locked the door and began to fast. When any one came and knocked, they fled trembling into the corner and were in perpetual dread lest their purpose should be discovered. Their little son, who had not yet learnt to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whispering and crying, asked for bread? but they always found means to quiet him.

It occurred to one of Boissy's friends, that it was very extraordinary he should never find him at home. At first he thought the family were removed; but, on being assured of the contrary, he grew more uneasy. He called several times in one day: always nobody at home! At last he burst open the door.—Oh what a sight!

He saw his friend, with his wife and son, lying on the bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a sound. The boy lay in the middle, and the husband and the wife had

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their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his little hands towards his deliverer, and his first word was—bread! It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had entered his lips.

The parents lay still in a perfect stupor; they had never heard the bursting open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated friend. Their wasted eyes were directed towards the boy; and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the look with which they had last beheld him, and still saw him dying.

Their friend hastened to take measures for their deliverance; but could not succeed without difficulty. They thought they had already done with the troubles of the world, and were suddenly terrified at being forced into them again! Void of sense and reflection, they submitted to the attempts that were made to restore them to life. At length their friend hit upon the most efficacious means. He took the child from their arms, and thus called up the last spark of paternal and maternal tenderness. He gave the child to eat, who with one hand held his bread, and with the other alternately shook his father and mother; his piteous moans roused them at length from their death-like slumber. It seemed at once to awaken a new love of life in their hearts, when they saw that their child had left the bed and their embraces.

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Nature did her office. Their friend procured them strengthening broths, which he put in their lips with the utmost caution, and did not leave them till every symptom of restored life was fully visible. Thus were they saved.

This transaction made much noise in Paris, and at length reached the ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour. Boissy's deplorable situation moved her. She immediately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon after procured him the profitable place of *controlleur du Mercure de France*, with a pension for his wife and child, if they outlived him.

For the Polyanthos.

The following theme was written by a young Miss, at Sterling, and spoken at the examination, in March 1806. The theme was given by one of the visitors, the premium a Volume.

"How still the morning of this hallowed day!
"Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
"The plough boy's whistle and the milkmaid's song."
Grahame.

Auspicious morning! celebrated by angels, chanting hallelujahs to him who burst the bars of death, and triumphed over the grave. Shall men observe a dumb silence? The plough boy may suspend his unmeaning whistle; and the ruddy milkmaid her innocent song; yet they will with reverence

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join in an hymn of devout adoration and thanksgiving. How charming is this day? See the rich and the poor, the old and the young, repair to the temple of the Lord. The swain, at dawn of day, beats away the dew of the night to bathe himself, and restore his tired limbs; and another, with active steps, hurries to the assembly, and long anticipates the sound of the deep-toned bell; all join in praise;—praise universal echoes from every heart. On this divine jubilee—this day of rest, the toils and hardships of the week are forgotten—and hushed are all the savage passions. Thus, dressed in cleanly robes, "and like the king's daughter all glorious within," the people walk onward to the temple of Zion. Ever grateful day! I hail thee king of other days—king of domestick peace—of pleasure—of rest! Thou art ever welcome, ever lovely—whether in *winter's* frozen robe, or *autumn's* rural walks, to taste her richest fruits; or *summer's* sultry rays, to sit beneath the foliage of her groves, or in the lovely *spring* to view the violet, the lily, or the rose. Thou fillest all seasons with divine respect; the woodland walk, the verdant meadows, the chanting choir, the social converse, and the moral man, receive their rich delights from thee!—"Hallowed day! hush'd be the ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song."

C. H. K.

Sterling, 1806.

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BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

FROM THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

Lord Avondale. COME hither—How is this, Robert? When I left England you were a youth, whose example was pointed out as an object of imitation—your morals were pure, your industry exemplary—how is it then that I now see you an abandoned outcast?

Tyke. Ah, sur, it was all along we' you.

Lord A. Me! was not my bounty ample? Did I not give you independence?

Tyke. Ah, that was it—when you sent me that little child to take care on—

Lord A. Hush!

Tyke. Well, well;—and that big lump of money! you see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty; I always had my hand in my pocket scrummelling it about like—so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side—and, ecod! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as nine-pence. Oh, ho! says I, I'll make short work o'this; I'll go to Newmarket, where the lords do bring their cattle and settle matters in a hurry. So I went and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey lords called me Squire, you see—and clapping me on the back, in this manner, says, Squire, your horse will beat every thing!

Lord A. Indeed!

Tyke. Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough; but, unluckily the jockey lords told me a damned heap o'lies; for ma horse always came in *last* last.—Then they told ma to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and some-

how I got intid ditch like.—So what with that and playing cards at *Lamb skinning* (for, bless you, I could not catch them at Snitchums) I was—

Lord A. Ruined.

Tyke. Yes; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

Lord A. Did you not return to honest labour?

Tyke. Oh, no; I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger;—no, I could not tak to work—

Lord A. Go on.

Tyke. Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it? the horse that beat mine sometimes, coax'd, and contrived to get me on his back like—and, eeod! galloped off wi'me a matter of a hundred miles.—I thought no more about it myself—

Lord A. But they did.

Tyke. Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at sizes.

Lord A. What could you say to avert your fate?

Tyke. Why, I told the judge—says I, my lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of takle—exchange is no robbery—mistakes of this kind will happen—but I assure you, I've kept the best of company we' jockey lords, and such like as yourself.—So they all smiled, as much as to say he's one of us like—and I thought all was right enough:—but the judge puts him on a black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or any thing, orders me to be hanged!—

Lord A. Poor wretch!

Tyke. Don't you be frightened; they did not hang me mun—don't believe that;—no, bless

you, they sent ma' to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

Lord A. Where I hope you remained, resigned to your fate.

Tyke. Oh! quite resigned—for I could not get away:— I dare say I tried a hundred times.

Lord A. Why did not I know this?—Had you sent to my house—

Tyke. I did send to your house.

Lord A. Well!

Tyke. Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house—but then I did not know where that was—and that you was sent abroad by government:—I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like—not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at *Cockpit*, and I guessed what that would end in.

Lord A. Pshaw!—Come hither; tell me—I dread to ask it—that child—where—hush! we are interrupted—retire into that room.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Lord A. I have received information that alarms—distracts me.—Come near—that boy—(what a question for a parent!)—does he survive?

Tyke. I don't know.

Lord A. Not know?

Tyke. No.

Lord A. Where did you leave him?

Tyke. Where did I leave him? Why—Come, come, talk of something else. *(Seems disturbed.)*

Lord A. Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

Tyke. No.

Lord A. Then my secret's safe.

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Tyke. I've said so.

Lord A. Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

Tyke. Who! *(Starts.)*

Lord A. What agitates you?—You had a father.

Tyke. Had a father! be quiet, be quiet. *(Walks about greatly agitated.)*

Lord A. By the name of him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

Tyke. (striking his forehead) Say no more about that, and you shall hear all. Yes, I had a father; and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked wi' heavy heart I warrant, all the way tid' jail to see me; and he prayed up to heaven for me—*(Pointing but not daring to look up.)*—just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart like. *(Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.)*

Lord A. Proceed.

Tyke. Presently.

Lord A. Did you entrust the child to his care?

Tyke. I did.

Lord A. Do not pause—you rack me.

Tyke. Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end out.—I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak; and I could not speak;—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms.—

Lord A. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said—*(Collecting his fortitude.)* When the signal gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead—and somebody took up child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood gushed out of my mouth—I saw no more. *(Sinks exhausted into a chair.)*

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Lord A. Horrible!—What! record a father's death without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! do you think a villian who has a father's death to answer for can cry?—No, no, I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire—but I can't cry.—*(a vacant stare of horror.)*

Lord A. And is this desolation my work? Oh repent, repent!

Tyke. (Starting up.) For what? is not father dead?—a'n't I a thief—cursed—hated—hunted?—Why should I be afraid of the devil? don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched—

Lord A. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy, brandy!

Lord A. Compose yourself—follow me—you want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep, ha, ha! under the sod I may. *(Points down and groans heavily)*

[*Exit, following Lord Avondale.*

THE GOSSAMOUR.

A young man named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno: on his return home his father asked him what he had learned: the other replied, "that would hereafter appear." On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "He had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."

Socrates, being very old, and afflicted with indisposition, was asked how he did.

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"Well," he replied, "either way. If I recover, I shall be envied by many. If I die, I shall be praised by many."

ALEXANDER at one time sent to Phocion a great present of money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why does the king send to me and to none else?" The messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, let him suffer me to be so still."

THE Duke of Vesu, at the head of a discontented party, conspired against the life of John the Second of Portugal. His Majesty having escaped the hand of the assassin three times, sent for the Duke and walked with him in a garden, where he conversed with him on the relative duty of the king and the subject; and at the end put this emphatical question to him, "What wouldst thou do to the man who attempted to take away thy life?" To which the Duke answered, "I would take away his first if I could." "Then verily," said the king, "As Nathan said to David, thou art the man;" and immediately plunged a dagger into his breast.

WHEN Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My Lord

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Duke," says the Marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world."—"*I hope,*" replied the Duke, "*you except those who have had the honour of beating them.*"

THE great Sir Thomas Moore, had a natural turn for wit, and pleasantry. An acquaintance of his having taken great pains in writing a book, which he intended to publish, brought it to Sir Thomas for his opinion. —Sir Thomas, having looked it over, and finding it a foolish trifling performance, told the writer, with a grave face, that it would be worth more if it was in verse. The man, upon this, took his book home, and set about turning it into verse. When he finished it, he carried it again to Sir Thomas, who, having looked it over, said to him, "Ay, marry, now it is something; it is now rhyme, but before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

THERE is certainly a quint ease in these lines from Patridge's Almanack, A. D. 1709.

Whether it rains, or whether it blows,
Whether it hails, or whether it snows,
If you have good ale and good tobacco,
What the devil would you have—do you know?

THE POWER OF MUSICK.

While Mrs. BARNES was executing a song in *Hermann*, the cottage of *Adelmorn*, before

which she stood, was suddenly perceived to be in motion. Thoughtless of the justice of the comparison, the circumstance produced the following extempore epigram.

Orpheus of old made groves to move,
Put bird and beast to prancing,
But Barnes, without the power of *love*,
Sets even houses dancing!

SELECT SENTENCES.

When truth offends no one it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.

If with the pains we endure here we were immortal, we should be the most miserable of all beings. It is sweet and pleasing to hope we shall not live always.

It seems that all we do is but a rough draught, and that always something remains to be done to make work complete.

Power is not always proportionate to the will. One should be consulted before the other; but the generality of men begin by willing, and act afterwards as they can.

Affectation discovers sooner what one is than it makes known what one would fain appear to be.

Laziness is a premature death. To be in no action, is not to live.

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GREAT wants proceed from great wealth, and make riches almost equal to poverty.

WE should feel death but once; he who fears death, dies every time he thinks of it.

A MISER of sixty years old refuses himself necessaries, that he may not want them when he is a hundred.

Too much devotion leads to fanaticism; too much philosophy to irreligion.

THE prejudices of youth pass away with it; those of old age last only because there is no other age to be hoped for.

WE mount to fortune by several steps; but require only one step to come down.

I KNOW no real worth but that tranquil firmness which seeks dangers by duty, and braves them without rashness.

GREAT talkers resemble those musicians, who, in their airs, prefer noise to harmony.

RICHES would be little esteemed if they did not furnish vanity with the pleasure of having what others have not.

To be in a passion is to punish one's self for the faults and impertinencies of another.

WOMEN are like books, malice and envy will easily lead you to a detection of their faults; but their beauties good judgment only can discover, and good nature relish.

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THE MINSTREL.

For the Polyanthos.

EXTRACT FROM "THE DIVINE,"

A Poem in Six Books.

Pride of his flock and pride of all the good,
See Buckminster, in early youth, adorn
The sacred desk. And while an idiot lure
Tempts many a young associate to avoid
The sainted path of wisdom, and to seek
A worthless good in Pleasure's syren wilds,
Or with base ardour toil for worldly gain,
Or climb the craggy cliffs of earthly power;
Be his the higher aim to nobly shine
The young Josias of a christian age:
And, by a bright example, hasten on
The promis'd era and the glorious reign
Of him, who has ordain'd from infant lips
Of babes and sucklings his perfected praise.
With polish'd periods, grac'd with all the aid
Of ancient lore and chastest modern style;
And, what's more priz'd, with apt quotation grac'd,
From the rich pages of the inspired pen,
Which mock all human rhetorick to scorn,
The classick christian breathes the chaste discourse;
With temperate zeal the wandering sinner warns;
Sustains the pious with the promis'd grace;

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Confirms the doubting; wakens the secure;
With mild consoling voice the wretched cheers;
And, with the purest elegance of speech,
Gives new attraction to the gospel truth.

S.

For the Polyanthos.

Mr. Editor,

In your introductory address you engaged to patronize the effusions of modest and retired worth. The following elegant lines were written in a blank leaf of Mrs. Bryan's Astronomy; and are the earliest essay of a young lady, who may perhaps blush to find one of those many productions, with which she delights a circle of admiring friends, thus unexpectedly exposed to the public eye.

S.

By science aided, Bryan's pen displayed
To my astonish'd view those wondrous scenes;
Innumerous suns, in living pomp arrayed,
And worlds rejoicing in their genial beams.

One powerful law through all extends its force,
Bids in fix'd path the unwieldy planet roll,
Restrains the fiery comet in its course,
And in bright order forms th' harmonious whole.

Seen in the moral world its power we own,
When souls most ardent in kindred taste allied;
Congenial hearts, congenial genius known,
In vain attraction's power we strive to hide.

For the Polyanthos.

THE EVERGREEN.

Keenly blow the wintry gale,
Whistling through the leafless trees;
The mountain's top, the plain, the vale,
Were whiten'd by the snowy breeze.

No verdant leaf then grac'd the bough,
No vivid child of spring was seen,

Save where, amidst the drifted snow,
Appear'd the stately Evergreen,
From off the juvenescent pine
Two verdant sprigs Cesario tears;
"*This*," said the youth, "shall still be mine,
"While *that* Amanda's bosom bears."

As pleas'd she view'd the verdant spray,
Whose beauty brav'd the wintry blast,
"Well it portrays," he seem'd to say,
"That Friendship which shall ever last."

"Ah, simple maid," grave Reason cries,
"Ah, cease to heed the pleasing giver;
"For know that Memory quickly dies,
"And even Evergreens will wither."

PSYCHE.

Briar-Hill, 1806.

For the Polyanthos.

The following Song was extremely popular in the days of Shakespeare; and although some of our "aunciente" Bachelors may not find it to their taste, yet it contains much sensible and moral reflection; and the lovers of the drama will read, with delight, the entire song, *an extract from which is sung by the grave-digger, while preparing the grave of Ophelia.* S.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

I LOTHE *that* I did love
In youth *that* I thought swete,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begynnes to weave
Grey heares upon my hed.

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For age with stealing steppes
Hath clawde me with his crouche,
And lusty lyfe away she leapes
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she dyd before,
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denyes
This youthly ydle ryme,
And day by day unto me cryes
Leave off those toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrowes in my face,
Say, lymping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must gere him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ryde,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bydd me to provyde.

A pick-ax and a spade,
And eke a shrouding shete,
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a guest is mete.

Methinks I hear the clark
That knoles the careful knell,
And byddes me leave my woful work,
Ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth dyd laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot
As I had not been born.

Thus must I youth gere up,
Whose badge I long dyd weare,
To them I yeld the wanton cup
That better may it beare.

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Lo here the bare hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
Which youthfull yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me unto the land
From whence I fyrst was brought.

And ye that byde behind,
Have ye none other trust,
As ye of clay were cast by kynd,
So shall ye waste to dust.

For the Polyanthos.

THE MECHANICK PREFERRED.

An Epigram....Founded on a resent fact.

One day lively Sue, at a female tea-drinking,
Says, Come tell me girls, for I have been thinking,
If we all had our choice to be married tomorrow,
What *business* in life our husbands should follow?
Why I'd have a Doctor, says Sally the witty;
And I'd have a Lawyer, says Sophy the pretty;
Says Nancy the sober, from both these I pass on,
Give me, for my husband, the lovely young parson.
I am not so high-minded, says sly little Mary,
As to raise my ambition to men literary;
Those wise learned husbands to you I resign,
But give me, O give me, a Cooper for mine.

S.

EPIGRAM.

Wit is a feather---Pope has said,
And females never doubt it;
So those who've least within the head,
Display the most without it.

PROLOGUE

To the new tragedy of "FOSCARI, or the Venetian Exile," *written by* JOHN B. WHITE, *Esq. and performed at the Charleston Theatre*, 1806.

BY A FRIEND...SPOKEN BY MR. STORY.

OFT on these boards, as love or rage inspir'd,
The Muse of Shakespeare has your bosoms fir'd;
And oft the tender scene by Otway drawn,
Has fill'd your eyes with sorrows not your own.
Then while with liberal hand you thus reward,
And crown with fame full many a foreign bard,
To night, we hope, though humbler be his strain,
A native Poet will not sue in vain.
To distant climes his Muse adventurous flies,
Where Venice points her turrets to the skies;
His story simple, natural and brief,
A tender record of domestick grief;—
A maid of matchless merit, doom'd to prove
The heart-felt agony of hopeless love;—
A father's peace by laws too stern undone;
A mother, mourning for her exil'd son:—
That son defying misery's keenest dart,
For friends that closely twin'd around his heart;
And falling cheerful in the villain's toil,
To tread once more his dear-lov'd, native soil.
On scenes like these, our author rests his cause,
And trembling, doubts, yet strives for your applause:—
Ah! be not too severe—with gentle hand
Cherish this scion of your native land:
To *all* your care, his offspring he commends,
Ye generous patrons, countrymen and friends.
But chief to you, ye fair, he gently sues,
For who will dare to blame, if you refuse?
Be kind, then—gild your Poet's humble name,
Your smile is victory, your applause is fame!

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EPILOGUE.

BY MR. CARPENTER...SPOKEN BY MRS. WHITLOCK.

[*Coming forward on tiptoe, looking carefully about as if fearful of being observed by the players.*]

HUSH !--Let me look around me ere I speak,
(And speak I must, or else my heart will break)
For were I heard by these same fustian factors,
Whom fortune's errours or their own make actors,
Blabbing my thoughts, I'm not without my fears,
That I should get it on both sides my ears.
Looks about again to the wings.
Ay---They're all gone I see---Then *entre nous*,
About our trade, I'll hint a word or two;
And as our sex is privileg'd to say,
Whate'er occurs---I'll speak about the play.
'Mongst us, in one short evening, you may scan
The long and comprehensive life of man.
Like man we oftimes wear a face of woe,
While joys tumultuous in our bosoms glow;
Like man we laugh, as if with mirth half mad,
While all within, is sorrowful and sad.
As with dissembled grief, the new fledg'd heir,
Shrouded in black, affects to drop a tear;
So with fond thoughts, a *Lear* or *Rolla* dies,
While his sly sweetheart, waits for him to rise.
And many a *Falstaff*, chuckles through his pain,
While festering sorrows rankle at his heart,
As jerry'd husbands wishing for relief,
Affect to laugh, while whimpering with grief.
To night, you've heard us Oh ! and Ah ! and moan,
Blubber, wipe eyes, and sob, and sigh, and groan,
And whose sobs, sighs, or groans were louder than my own ?
Yet shall I say it---nay in faith, 'twill out---
While I was making all this tragick rout,

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About these children of our poet's brain,
The Doge, Foscari, and the ladies twain,
I felt my heart with joy within me bound
To see this goodly group collected round.
To make our bard with honest transport glow
While he melts you with sympathetick woe.
A truce with tears then, and with me rejoice;
Hear reason's dictates, urg'd in nature's voice!
Be wise and merry---and this truth believe,
If grief were wisdom, very few would grieve.---
Rejoice with me, to see brought forth to light;
The first-born of our tragick muse, this night,
Applaud the youth---Applaud with heart and hand,
Who makes this offering to his native land.

A SEPULCHRAL INSCRIPTION.

Turn, soft musing wanderer, hither thine eye,
A flower once blooming lies here;
The breeze that pass'd o'er it was nought but a sigh,
Its humidity---gain'd from a tear.

In the morning of life, ah! a cankering gloom
O'er its bosom tenaciously spread:
It shrunk at the grasp of its ruinous doom,
And bow'd to the dust its fair head.

No insensate production of nature lies here,
The flower but emblems a heart,
Whose affliction shall long claim the sigh and the tear
Of regret---it so soon should depart.

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THE DRAMA.

We come not to offend, but with good will.
Shakespeare.

BOSTON.

THE Boston theatre closed on the 21st of April, after a prosperous season of seven months. We have room only for a short history of the performances since our last.

George Barnwell,

Was chosen by Mr. Fox for his benefit. It was the first tragedy attempted after the departure of Mr. Cooper; and though the representation of it on our stage has not often been lucrative to the manager, it was this evening honoured with a crowded audience. In Mr. Fox's young Barnwell there were many passages well spoken. There is, however, still room for improvement. Mrs. Shaw's Millwood was superiour to most of her attempts in tragedy.

A Cure for the Heart-Ach,

One of Morton's best productions, was selected for the benefit of Mr. Twaits, who in Young Rapid, gave ample proof of the uncommon versatility of his talents.

Come Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, or what will,
He still gives a manifest proof of his skill;
And still claims applause, though like Proteus he changes,
For equal to all, through the drama he ranges;
Fame seizes the clarion, subdued by her wonder,
As the tones from its womb rend the ceiling asunder,
And frights the wild air with her sonorous clatter,
Till Reason peeps forward to ask—what's the matter?

The Child of Nature.

The appearance of Mrs. Darley in Amanthis was highly gratifying to the admirers of "simple nature." Mr. Usher's Alberto left a much deeper and more agreeable impression on the mind, than some of his attempts at higher characters. It was really a fine performance, chaste and pathetick.

Richard the Third.

We did not see the representation of this play, but rumour has spoken favourably of Mr. Twaits's Richard. A writer in the "Boston Magazine," after pointing out the beauties and defects of Mr. T's performance, observes, that "had Mr. Cooper performed and Mr. Twaits conceived the part, the talents of the former gentleman would be appreciated more than they are even now; at least his Richard the Third, in such a case, would be considered decidedly superiour to any of his previous efforts in that character."

King Lear.

It was not without regret that we saw Mr. Usher—the man who has so often delighted us in the middle walks of the drama—appear as the representative of Lear. It was evident to all, that the talent of the company was inadequate to the representation of this tragedy—"the most stupendous fabrick of human genius"—and had not vanity stifled the remonstrances of judgment, it might

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still have slumbered on the peaceful shelf of the prompter. Mr. Usher would have been respectable in Gloster,—he would have pleased us in Edmund,—but he did not become the robes of royalty. Well might he exclaim, in the language of the maniack king,

Surely this is not Lear.

The rough honesty of Kent was well portrayed by Twaits; and the trifling insignificance of the water-fly, Oswald, was admirably suited by Bernard.

More Ways than One,

For the benefit of Mrs. Powell, and the last night of performance. This comedy is from the pen of Mrs. Cowley, and we believe is good; but the representation of it this evening, generally speaking, was dull and imperfect.

[The following *Epilogue* is the production of a gentleman whom we shall be proud to number amongst our regular correspondents. We cannot, however, refrain from observing, that, in our opinion, some of the characters are rather too severely handled, while others are, perhaps, besmeared with a little too much praise...*Edit.*]

EPILOGUE

TO THE THEATRICAL SEASON:

Or, A Review of the Thespian Corps.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Hor. Ar. Poet.

The season's clos'd, the benefits are o'er,
And heroes, heroines, strut the stage no more:
Kings, clowns, lords, lovers, virgins, matrons, queens,
No more adorn, no more disgrace the scenes.

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Swords, foils, hats, helmets, sceptre, crown, and globe,
Are stuff'd promiscuous, in the old wardrobe,
Where tragick buskins, comick socks are pack'd,
Or sent to KENNY to be soal'd or tapp'd.
Theatrick lords, whose pride no power could stem,
Are dwindled down to *very common men*;
And royal dames, who erst the pit could charm,
Now wash old laces, or old stockings darn.
Great Ataliba, CHILD OF THE BRIGHT SUN,
Is now poor simple Mr. DICKENSON;
Proud Alexander, who the world o'erran,
Is T. A. COOPER, a mere gentleman:
USHER no more harangues Rome's rascal many,
And *gracious* Duncan is—*ungracious* KENNY.
The rival queens, who, nobly daring, tried
To conquer him who conquer'd all beside,
Now cease to rage; hush'd is the tragick strife,
Lost in the matron and the duteous wife.
But the stage virtues still in some are seen;
What charm'd the publick charms the private scene.
A Belvidera still in POWELL see;
Enchanting Hester, DARLEY, lives in thee:—
The tripping DARBY still the air may saw;
Great Sysigambis is great Mrs. SHAW.

The season's clos'd, the benefits are done,
And all the players' occupations gone:
Gone are the comick grin, the tragick rage;
E'en native HASSAN's fled the lonely stage:
The curtain 's dropp'd—and now, to be in vogue,
All that remains is this sweet epilogue.

Come then, my Muse, the Thespian corps review;
Come, give to merit praises justly due;
Come, let no worth escape thy peering eyes,
Though hid amidst a thousand faults it lies;

For who 's so mean, in nothing to excel,
When even MILBOURNE shines in Bagatelle !
Come then, my Muse, thou meek-eyed, dove-
tongued maid,
Come, call thy sister Candour to thy aid,
And, as I bid the rouge-cheek'd corps pass by,
Come, note their merits with thy critick eye ;
Each fault correct, with thy sweet smiling frown,
And grace the worthiest with thy laurel crown.

See, at my call the motley train advance,
Some walk, some limp, some fidget and some
dance,
Some fence, some sing, some laugh, some deep-
ly sigh,
Some grin, some chatter, and some bleed and die.
All show their powers in all their various ways,
To gain thy favour and secure thy bays.

Pray who is she that's foremost in the race,
With clear starch'd elbows stiffen'd into grace,
Whose comely form between her arms appears
Like a young rose-tree, propp'd by espaliers ?
Is this Malvina, Oscar's graceful fair ?
Sure Ossian's heroes had a taste most rare !

But lo ! what majesty of flesh appears !
What rippling gutturals grate our ravish'd ears !
The solid loves on thy plump person wait,
Great ton of beauty, graceful by gross weight.
O had old Falstaff had of thee a view,
He'd quit mine Hostess and Doll Tearsheet too.
Squab dove of love ! thine is the comick mien
To strike broad humour from the saddest scene.
See thy own Agatha—Oh, hear her groan,
"Consumptive sufferer, worn to skin and bone ;"
While moping melancholy grins with glee,
To hear her hectick groans and *look* on thee.

Now speak, my Muse, resolve me, if you can,
Is this an actor—or a clock work man ?

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With measur'd step he paces o'er the stage,
Looks grave by rule, and even smiles by gage.
Say, is it Nature moves the buckram fop?
Sure 'tis the nature of a barber's block—
A mere automaton—a walking staff—
A pasteboard actor, with a wooden laugh.
In some museum quickly see him plac'd,
With straw-stuff'd apes and petrifactions grac'd,
Where BOWEN's bees-wax beaux will joy to see
That they excel him in vivacity.

The bounding time see agile DARBY beat,
And shame the musick with her fairy feet:
In rustick hop, in courtly saraband,
In varying hornpipe, or in ballet grand,
Still, still she charms, and still our hearts shall warm,
While graceful movements have the power to charm.
But, not content to dance into our hearts,
The dancing DARBY dances all her parts:
Should faithful love her suitor's bosom wring,
DARBY returns it with a *pigeon wing*;
Chassees a fit, and rigadoons a swoon,
And promenades it to a lover's tomb.

From that base throng, who ply beneath the stage,
The refuse of the play-house and the age;
From that base throng, who wait upon their bet-
Who *murder* murderers and carry letters; [ters,
From that base throng, who in lac'd liveries shine,
Or spoil the parts of beasts in pantomime,
Shift scenes, light lamps, and swell a prince's train,
Or, in some doughty battle, act men slain;
From that base throng, my Muse, there's one steps forth,
And claims the laurel due to his known worth.
Pray who art thou, that dares the laurel claim,
State thy pretensions, and declare thy name.

"'Tis modest worth commands the impartial Muse—"
Stay—now I know thee by *thy yellow shoes!*
Whether thou murder'd Banquo in dark hour,
Or kill'd the royal infants in the tower;
Whether upon the stage I saw thee go,
Or, condescending, snuff the lamps below;
Where'er thou went, thy merits were not hid,
Still, still I knew thee by *thy yellow kid.*
Then hear, great ruffian, hear the Muse proclaim
The gory honours of thy bloody fame—
MORGAN's all perfect—thus proclaims the Muse;
A perfect ruffian, all—except his shoes.

Hark, hark! what strains upon the breezes float!
The wild winds pause to catch each fleeting note.
To DARLEY, sure, those potent strains belong,
That mighty master of the powers of song:
Manly, though soft; mellifluous, though clear;
Correct, yet wild, he charms the enchanted ear.

"Let Fame sound the trumpet," and Candour proclaim,
That DARLEY's unrivall'd in song-singing Fame.

The favour'd lover pleasing DARLEY plays
In style as happy as his favourite lays.
'Tis false ambition thy desire awaits,
To copy COOPER or to mimick TWAITS;
Believe me, DARLEY, that I tell you true,
To sing and love is all that you can do.

But zounds! what different sounds confound the ear!
Is this indeed a human voice I hear?
Or rusty hinge of some old creeking gate?
Or some knife scratching on an earthen plate?
Or Indian pappoose yell? or scolding squaw?
Or smoking Dutchman, whetting cross-cut saw?

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Or those fam'd mousers, twin-tied by the tail,
Which show'd where BILLINGS' musick was for sale?
Is this the voice of that stout man of size?
Lend me thy handkerchief to rub my eyes.
I beg thy pardon, Muse, I had forgot it—
You're in the fashion, girl, and have no pocket.
Is this the voice of that stout reverend youth?
It seems the echo of his hollow tooth.
O KENNY, KENNY! didst thou know thy powers,
Thou'dst rival GARRICK on this stage of ours:
Play apparitions, witches, spectres, ghosts,
Hobgoblins, furies, and enchanted posts,
Whose dismal screams and horrid shrieks foretel
The deadly voices come from lowest hell:
Here you *must shine*, since 'tis by all confest,
Who speaks most horrid's sure to speak the best.

Te he—ha ha—oh look—ha ha—O see
That soul of humour and that life of glee!
I die with laughter—all my strength subsides—
Oh hold me—hold me—I shall split my sides.
Come forward, TWAITS—thou drollest child of fun;
Thy looks are jokes, thy very steps a pun.
Come forward, TWAITS, I know thee for the same,
Droll as thy phiz, and funny as thy name.
Let others mouth the ponderous tragick page,
With blood and carnage smear the frighted stage;
By deep distress the moral lesson scan,
And teach us virtue from the woes of man:
Thou grotesque child of whim, still be it thine
With "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" to shine;
With squint-eyed satire a bad age reclaim,
And vice and folly laugh to open shame.

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Come, come, sweet Muse, give TWAITS thy laurel crown—
But whence thy pretty, prudish, sugar'd frown?
"*The sacred laurel must not be debas'd,*
"*Nor on a zany actor's noddle plac'd.*"
But yet, sweet Muse, in Caleb Quotem's wig,
For love of fun—O stick one little sprig!

Ha! who comes now, to vex the scar'd beholder,
With mouth, like French horn, sounding o'er one shoulder!
Commodious splay mouth, surely well applied
To speak—in play-book phrase—a speech *(aside;)*
What wry renown would to thee, USHER, cling,
"The little farthing rush-light" wouldst thou sing.

But see, two females every grace impart,
The fair associates of the scenick art;
Pride of the stage and pride of private life,
Whether beheld as actress, mother, wife.
'Tis not the thundering clap, the gallery's roar,
The cheering whistle, or the loud encore,
Which crown the actress with a favourite's name;
'Tis private virtue gives their palm of fame.
Oh could those "frail impures," who heedless make
Their pearls the banquet of the swinish rake,
Once know the pain that men of sense endure
When virtuous speeches flow from lips impure;
Or the deep interest which we all possess,
When real virtue acts the feign'd distress;
They'd seek the homage to your virtues due,
Reform their manners and soon copy you.

And first of these, attractive DARLEY see,
The graceful daughter of simplicity.
Thine is the art, sweet actress——not the art—
No—simple nature moves thy feeling heart;

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She gives to all you act that magick charm,
Which chains attention and all hearts can warm:
In craz'd Ophelia speaks the maniack mind;
Smiles the gay look of sportive Rosalind;
'Twas nature's voice, when fair Virginia sung;
The Voice of Nature is thy mother tongue.
But yet the lynx-eyed Muse espies one blot,
On thy bright sun she notes one single spot;—
With folded hands see Rosamunda stands:
Ah me! how pretty are her folded hands?
Enchanting attitude, which Nature draws—
Pit, boxes, gallery, bellow out applause.
With varied voice, which can all hearts control,
With various movements to entrap the soul,
With air, face, person, shape and blooming age,
With powers to grace with novelty the stage,
Do not, lov'd actress, while each heart expands,
Forever bore us with your folded hands.
But if this gentle hint wont make you screen 'em,
Oh, take the gentle poet in between 'em!

But next the chasten'd POWELL steps serene,
Correct in motion, utterance, looks and mien;
Never o'erstepping nature's modest aims,
And always acting up what nature claims:
No passion tearer on a ranting stage,
No screaming favourite of a tasteless age,
Sporting no jokes to show a meagre wit,
Or tricksey arts to catch a tittering pit;
Content each character to represent,
And simply show us what the author meant.
What though thy scenick pencil oft portrays
Fine strokes of nature lost to common gaze?
The purblind many can't read nature's line,
Unless in lamp-black capitals it shine.
What though less frequent shouts thy worth reward,
And the house slumbers when it should applaud?

Be thine the approving smile of all the chaste,
Thine the proud plaudit of the man of taste.

But, last of all, see COOPER grace the stage—
COOPER—"the pride, the wonder of our age!"
Here place thy laurel, crown him with thy bays,
Nor aim to praise him WHO'S BEYOND ALL PRAISE.

S.

A CARD.

The author of the Epilogue to the Theatrical Season presents his most profound compliments to the Manager, Messrs. Bernard, Fox, &c. Not forgetting his kind love to certain ladies of the corps—and, after apologizing for omitting them in that heated eulogium, has the honour to assure them that he has in the bottom of his inkhorn a most delectable bit of poetry, in which their respective merits will be amplified, and their faults handled with the gossamour glove of criticism—and in which the prompter shall be prompted—the box-keeper shall have a ticket—the door-keeper shall not be shut out—the yellow-ochre fame of the scene-painter shall not be painted in mere water-colours—and even the extinguishing glory of the candle-snuffer shall shine like a cut-glass chandelier.

NEW-YORK.

AFTER Cooper had performed seven nights at New-York, with profit and applause, Jefferson succeeded, and played four nights. He opened with *Jacob Gawkey* and *Diddler*, and closed with *Walter* (Children in the wood). Such was the enthusiasm of the audience, in respect to this celebrated comedian that after he had finished his part in the after-piece, a great part of the company remained in the house, calling loudly for Mr. Jefferson! Mr. Tyler coming forward, was denied an opportunity to apologize; and after persisting in their demand, the audience were gratified by a song from Mr. J. Harwood followed Jefferson, and is engaged for the remainder of the season. He opened with great eclat in *Dennis Brulgruddery*. Mrs. Johnson retains her well earned honours in New-York. Mrs. Jones is as great a favourite as ever; her Little Pickle has been acted for the *twelfth time!* she

is on the stage every night, play and farce, and often comes forward with a song, by way of interlude.

A new "comick, pantomimick, historick, operatick, local melo-drame," called the *Manhattan Stage*, or *Cupid in his vagaries*, has been got up, but not allowed a second representation.

PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Cooper played nine nights here, opening with Macbeth; but had not the expected or merited success; and to the disgrace of the taste of the play going people of Philadelphia, performed Beverly to 250 dollars!

The Theatre closed the 9th of April, with a new comedy, written by a citizen of Philadelphia, called *The Fox Chase*.

BALTIMORE.

The Philadelphia company began their summer campaign in this city the 14th of April; with Morton's new comedy of *The School of Reform* or *How to rule a Husband*.

CHARLESTON.

Charleston theatricals are not very interesting. The benefits are now going on, and an after season is contemplated for Cooper. Bates is appointed acting manger, for another year. Whitlock has retired from the stage, and gone to England. Mrs. Whitlock still continues in the *Rosalind* and *Beatrice* line. Jones is abandoned to ebriety; so much so, that as no dependance can be placed on his services, he is not permitted to perform.

NEW-ORLEANS.

We find it difficult to procure information respecting the *Louisiana Drama*. No performers' names are inserted in the bills; nor do we know to a certainty whether their performances are

given in the French or English language. The entertainments on Sunday, March 2, were "Open War; or Trick upon Trick," and the opera of the "Calif of Bagdad"---Thursday, the 6th, the "Capuchin's Marriage" and "Renaud D'Ast"---Sunday, the 9th, "Laura and Fernando."

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MR. BERNARD went to England in the Packet, and is expected to bring over a new recruit of performers.

The greatest part of the Boston company are on a summer expedition at Portsmouth.

The theatre in New-York has been purchased for 50,000 dollars, by Messrs. Beekman and Astor; who have appropriated from 10 to 20,000 dollars for making improvements and repairs, and committed the sole management of it to Mr. Cooper. Mr. C. has engaged Mr. and Mrs. Darley, and Mr. Twaits, and is selecting all the theatrical talent in the country---He will probably have a company little if any inferiour to those of London.

Mr. Twaits is now performing at New-York.

Mr. Fennell has been employed in reading and recitations, at Philadelphia; and has been so wonderfully successful as to draw the patronage from the theatre.

The Virginia company are still performing at Richmond.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Portrait of B. Waterhouse, M. D in our next.

Justitiæ Philo was received too late for insertion this month. We wish for a personal interview with the writer.

Solon shall be attended to.

The Exile's Prayer, by "Psyche," shall appear next month.

The Reeling Roscius---*Acrostick on the Seasons*---and *Selections* by "W." are on file for publication.

"Horatio's" *Adieu to the Village* contains some good poetry. But we believe it would not gratify even the writer to see his verses published in their present incorrect form.

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B. Waterhouse M.D.

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

MAY, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE, M. D.*

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physick in the University of Cambridge.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

"THE great object of biography is to hold up the benefactors of mankind, to the view of that society, which they have benefited; to endeavour to appreciate their talents, and thereby to excite a sense of gratitude, in the minds of the publick, to their best friends." That this remark is applicable to the subject of the present memoir, no one will doubt, who has paid attention to the meritorious and successful labours of the AMERICAN JENNER.

The lives of literary and medical men seldom afford any great scope for biographical remark. The practice of physick very much

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resembles the events of ordinary life, where he is most noticed, who makes the most money; where he, who devotes his time to plans of a publick nature, is less regarded. But the subject of the following sketch forms an exception to this remark. The life of a private person, who has, by his assiduous application and uniform judicious conduct, raised himself to eminence among his cotemporaries, tends to excite emulation in the mind of the reader; especially the young, and bids him "go and do likewise." He claims the first of honours, who, by diligent and successful exertions of his talents, effectuates a publick good, by which posterity will be benefited.

Among the distinguished literary and professional characters of our country, it would be difficult to select one, who has evinced more zeal, in the cause of science and humanity, than the subject of this memoir. Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse was born at Newport, Rhode-Island, where he received the ground-work of a good classical and medical education; the first chiefly in a school founded by the celebrated Dean Berkley; and the latter under a skilful Scotch physician. The eminent and very learned Dr. Arthur Browne* and Mr. Stew-

* Arthur Browne, L. L. D. Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; King's Professor of Greek and of Law; Vicar General of Kildare and Prime Sargeant; Member of Parliament for the University, and author of many learned works. See a sketch of his life in the Monthly Anthology. He died last year in Dublin, highly honoured and universally lamented.

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art the celebrated painter, and Dr. Waterhouse, were about the same age, and at the same school; all three had an invincible desire to visit Europe; and they all obtained their wishes.

Dr. Waterhouse was encouraged to visit England by his kinsman, the famous Dr. Fothergill. He arrived in London in April, 1775, and in the autumn of the same year, repaired to the University of Edinburgh, when *Cullen*, *Black*, and *Monro*, were at the zenith of their reputation. During the year, he remained at that celebrated medical school. On his return to London, the next season, he reentered the hospitals and attended the most noted anatomical, surgical, chemical, and medical lectures, given at that time in the metropolis of Britain.

Dr. W. had not been long in London, before his old friend Stewart arrived there also. We find in a copious journal, whence many particulars of this memoir are taken, many anecdotes of this distinguished artist. It is manifest that there was an uncommon friendship existing between these two Rhode-Island men; and that Waterhouse regarded Stewart as a man of transcendant talents in almost every department of ordinary knowledge. The condition of these two young Americans, in a foreign land, were very dissimilar;—Waterhouse was in the house of Dr. Fothergill, in the sunshine of a noble and generous patronage, and caressed by the first

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physicians and naturalists of the age; while Stewart had to work his way to notice by the pencil. We hope that some of these interesting anecdotes may one day be given to the publick. That, which rendered Dr. Fothergill's house peculiarly valuable to a young man, ardently thirsting after knowledge, was the circumstance of its being the resort of the most distinguished philosophers of the age. Dr. Fothergill's long established reputation drew to a publick breakfast every week the most distinguished naturalists and physicians, then on the stage of life. Since his death there is a similar and more numerous resort at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society. It was here, we presume, that our young physician imbibed his taste for natural history and the delicacies of polite literature.

Beside Lectures, strictly connected with the medical profession, we find our industrious countryman attending the lectures of James Ferguson on experimental philosophy; and of De Costa on mineralogy; and also those on Botany by Curtis; between whom, it appears, there was an intimacy, owing as much probably to the patronage of Fothergill, as to any thing else. In the perusal of the before mentioned journal we were surprized at not finding the name of Dr. Lettsom once mentioned.

After remaining about three years in Great-Britain, Dr. Fothergill concluded to

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send his kinsman to the University of Leyden, the most celebrated medical school in the world. Dr. Waterhouse remained at this university four academical years, and the three months vacation of each year he spent in travelling. It appears, that our travelling physician was better pleased with Holland, than any other country; England excepted. He on all occasions extols the Dutch, as a wise people. You cannot, says he, turn your eyes any where in Holland, but you see the traces of wisdom and astonishing industry. In April 1780 Dr. Waterhouse took his degree of *Doctor*; on which occasion he wrote and defended a Latin dissertation, entitled "*De sympathia partium corporis humani, ejusque, in explicandis et curandis morbis, necessaria consideratione.*"

After graduation Dr. W. remained one session longer at Leyden, attending lectures on history, on the laws of nations, and some others, not immediately connected with medicine. He was the first who in the matriculating record, on being desired to write his name and his country, added, "*citizen of the free and Independent States of America.*" This created some uneasiness and some perplexity; but he absolutely refused to erase it, as some urged, who were devoted to the influence of the English minister. About this time he first became acquainted with our late venerable President, JOHN ADAMS, who was waiting the turn of the tide, and the effect of

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his own wise measures on the government of Holland. Mr. Adams, his two sons, secretary, and Dr. Waterhouse, formed one family for a considerable time at Leyden. From this time they have been closely connected in the bonds of friendship; and we have been told, that an epistolary correspondence is kept up to this day between that great statesman and the Doctor.

The journal, kept by the Doctor during his residence on the continent of Europe, affords many interesting particulars. We find him in the spring of 1780 accompanying the celebrated philanthropist, *Howard*, in the examination of the Dutch prisons and hospitals. His description of Howard's temper and manners is, we confess, very different from what we had imagined. In the same year we find the Doctor travelling slowly through the Austrian Netherlands towards Paris. In September 1781, we find our traveller in Spain, with more fertility of remark and observation than in France. He describes the mode of religious education, as choaking every thing like science or free inquiry. In October and November we trace our traveller to Teneriffe, exploring the peak, &c. In January, February, and March, 1782, we discover him traversing the Island of Cuba, which for beauty and fertility is described as a second paradise. It was at this place that the Doctor first became acquainted with the celebrated Miranda; this

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acquaintance was renewed and kept up after Miranda came to Boston in 1783. He remarks, that General Galvez, who was then with a large force preparing to attack Jamaica in conjunction with the Count de Grasse, and all the other officers of rank, were in the habit of consulting Miranda, as we consult the encyclopædia, for every thing. After visiting some of the Bahama Islands, Dr. W. embarked for his native island, where he arrived in June, 1782; after an absence of between seven and eight years. His old preceptor, Dr. Haliburton, had just quitted the island to settle in Halifax; so that nearly all the medical business centered in his hands; but he was not permitted to rest here; he was destined to fill a more conspicuous station; for almost directly on his arrival certain individuals in the Corporation of the University at Cambridge communicated to him a plan of a *medical school*, and the chair of the *Theory and Practice of Physick* was offered him. This appointment was made without any personal acquaintance beyond the Doctor's professional reputation; for Dr. W. had never been in Boston, nor ever within the bounds of Massachusetts. There was some opposition in one department of the college legislature; but the Corporation rejected with firmness the idea of a complimentary election of any of the sons of Harvard; and persisted in the election of a physician, whose preparatory studies, long acquaintance with

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lectures, and thorough knowledge of the two most celebrated medical schools in the world, amply qualified him for the office, and which in their minds gave him a preference to any of the sons of Harvard. To quit, after so long an absence, aged parents and other relations, and an ample share of business, called for serious deliberation; but to use the Doctor's own words on this occasion, "the Cambridge feather dropt in, and turned the scale against the drawing cords of natural affection."

The commencement of all new establishments requires pecuniary aid as well as great personal exertions. There was no salary annexed to this professorship; and the fees from the pupils small. After many difficulties and repeated struggles during five years, the Professor published a *Synopsis of a course of Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Medicine*, part the first, in 47 pages, to show what he wished to do if properly supported; and then resigned his professorship. The Corporation encouraged him to resume his office with the expectancy of a comfortable support. It was five years after this, near eleven years from his first becoming professor, before any establishment was made; and then it did not amount to four hundred dollars a year. To a man, who had lived under the affluent patronage of a Fothergill, such a novel situation must have been peculiarly embarrassing.

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In 1786 the College of Rhode-Island complimented Dr. W. with the title of *Professor of Natural History;* on which occasion he compiled a course of twelve lectures, and gave them in the Court-house of Providence. The year following he delivered a second course in the same place. At this time, the Professor was hesitating, whether to continue longer at Cambridge, or return to his native state. His friend and patron, the worthy *Governour Bowdoin*, urged him strongly to remain. In 1788 the Corporation of Harvard College requested him to give *annually a course of lectures on* NATURAL HISTORY, to such students of the two higher classes, as chose to subscribe to them. This transferred the course, which the Doctor had given at the Rhode-Island College, and fixed him at Cambridge. But natural history was a new thing among the young men at college. Among the few books of *Botany* and *Mineralogy* in the college library, few of them appeared to have been ever perused; the Doctor had therefore to excite a taste for this branch of science before he could gratify it. The business progressed but slowly; and it was seven years, (a considerable portion of a man's life) before the number of hearers exceeded a dozen; but among the weaknesses of the subject of this memoir want of perseverance is not to be numbered. It should be remembered, that in this task Dr. W. worked alone, without the countenance of any

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congenial spirit this side the Atlantick. About this period he opened a correspondence with *Sir Joseph Banks*, *Dr. Curtis*, and others, on the subject of a Botanical Garden at Cambridge; but was soon discouraged. In the mean time, he undertook in co-operation with *Dr. Lettsom*, to make a collection of *minerals*. The splendid cabinet, which ornaments the Philosophy Chamber at Cambridge, will form a durable monument of his industry and research in the mineral kingdom.

But what has made Dr. Waterhouse most known both in the eastern and western hemisphere is the conspicuous and leading part he has taken in the first of all medical discoveries, VACCINATION.

Dr. Lettsom, in an elegantly written account of the four most celebrated promoters, of vaccination, viz. *Jenner*, *Woodville*, *Pearson*, and *Waterhouse*, speaks thus of the latter. "My friend, DR. WATERHOUSE, of Cam- "bridge near Boston, with a mind equally "liberal and well informed, and possessing "an ardent spirit of inquiry, which has been "successfully exercised for the honour of his "country, and the benefit of the community, "by his extensive correspondence with Eu- "rope, was enabled *early* to avail himself of "the discovery of the Cow-pock, which he "introduced into America; and which he "has employed with undeviating success; "and his countrymen now justly hail him,

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"their benefactor, as the JENNER of *America*; "an appellation, which was first applied by "physicians of this city, *(London)* to their "transatlantick coadjutor!" Dr. Lettsom has in this work given a fine engraved likeness of Professor Waterhouse, whence the one, that accompanies this memoir is taken; on which subject Dr. L. thus expresses himself. "If these (observations on cow-pock) "afford no novelty of relation, the reader "will have the pleasure of possessing engrav-"ed likenesses of gentlemen, highly distin-"guished in medical science; and, in a par-"ticular manner, in the knowledge of the "interesting discovery, I have presumed to "discuss. The contemplation of resem-"blance merely of a great character, excites "in the mind a spirit of laudable emulation, "and may stimulate latent powers, that "might otherwise remain dormant, to culti-"vate pursuits, equally conducive to private "happiness and publick good."

Mr. Ring of London, who has written a very complete history of the origin of vaccination and of its progress through the world, speaks thus of its first appearance in America. "Nor is Constantinople the remotest "seat of this beneficial practice, nor is Eu-"rope the utmost extent of its career. It has "crossed the waves of the Atlantick, and "been adopted by Dr. Waterhouse, the "learned Professor of the Theory and Prac-"tice of Physick in the University of Cam-

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" bridge. Here the bright beam, that was " to illume the realms of Columbia first " dawned. Here the JENNER of *America* " first appeared ;

" And a new sun in the new world arose."

Dr. Waterhouse's publications on this subject are 1st. *A prospect of exterminating the small-pox, being the history of the cow or kine pock, as it appeared in England, with an account of a series of inoculations, performed in Massachusetts in* 1800. 2d. *A continuation of a narrative of facts concerning the progress of the inoculation, together with practical observations on the local appearance, symptoms, and mode of treating the kine-pock, &c. &c.* 139 *pages.* This elaborate work has has been highly commended in different parts of Europe for the most accurate description of the disease, and for many new and curious physiological observations. It is considered in England, as a standard book on the subject of vaccination. Dr. W's *Discourse on the principles of vitality,* before the Humane Society ; his *Discourse on the rise, progress, and present state of medicine,* before the Middlesex Medical Association ; and more especially his celebrated *Lecture on the evil tendency of Tobacco on young persons, with observations on the use of ardent and vinous spirit,* may be viewed as specimens of his style of composition.

It has been remarked, that Dr. W's course of medical lectures comprises as rich a collection of facts and doctrines as could possibly be contained in the same number of

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dissertations; but it is to his *Lectures on Natural History*, that he is most indebted for his high reputation at the University. The subject is more interesting to students in general; add to this, he has polished and adorned the *very various subjects* of this *pleasant course* much beyond his *medical lectures*. These lectures have been growing in reputation and increasing in the number of hearers from year to year. His labours in this department will forever secure him the honour of being the *Founder* of *Natural History and Botany* in the first university in America. THE BOTANIST, in twelve numbers, has been celebrated throughout the United States, and given much celebrity to the monthly publication, in which it appeared. In these papers the subject of Botany is taken up in a new point of view. We learn with much satisfaction, that notwithstanding the new establishment of Botany at Cambridge, it is avowed on all hands, that Dr. Waterhouse's lectures on natural history are meant to be continued and encouraged during his life time; after which, it is probable, both departments will be united in one professorship.

Immersed in literary and philosophical pursuits, and happy in a most amiable family, Dr. W. pays no regard to party politicks. In times, marked by party divisions, and more personality, than good men would have wished to have witnessed, he espouses

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neither side with ardour; but living in habits of pleasant intimacy with all parties, he seems to think with Pope Sextus, who said to his cardinals—"*let us amuse ourselves, the best we can, the world will govern itself.*" R.

Boston, May, 1806.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

.....

REVIEW

Of "The Power of Solitude, a Poem in two Parts; by Joseph Story."

— Of the two, less dangerous is the offence,
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense....*Pope.*

To regulate with accuracy the publick taste, to discover every defect, and point out every beauty, in a composition, is the important and honourable duty of the critick. But when party spirit is suffered to control the judgment, and an author's political sentiments are made the standard of his literary merit, Criticism, with all her "bobs and trinkets," is a mere ridiculous pretender. Yet thus disguised and degraded is her usual appearance in the Monthly Anthology, a publication whose science and classick elegance we are ready to acknowledge, but whose reviews are a disgrace to itself and an insult to its readers. Indifferent to the real merit of the work, on which they decide,

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and urged by no principle but political prejudice, they

judge of authors' names and then
Not praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.

In no instance is this more evident, than in the Anthology for July last, where a poem, of which genius and morality form the beautiful and harmonious structure, is condemned with the most barefaced injustice. The present writer—no one-eyed partizan—is the unbiassed friend of literature, and is induced, by this sentiment *alone*, to lay before you an impartial review of the "Power of Solitude."

The design of this poem, which professes "to mark the influence of Solitude upon the passions and faculties of mankind," was probably suggested by Zimmermann; and as it is a subject appealing rather to the feelings than to the understanding, it seems peculiarly adapted for the display of poetick ornament. This display is here richly made; yet, far from being made the principal object, we view it only as the beautiful drapery of a more lovely form; it is the moral sentiment, which continually excites the attention. The advantages of retirement, in attaining either virtue, or literature, or happiness, are strongly enforced, and many instances are cited from history to prove their truth. A deeply shaded, though, we fear, a just picture of indiscriminate society is frequently presented. Thus

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There morbid interest plies her ceaseless art
To dull affection, and seduce the heart;
There, harsh disdain, to human misery steel'd,
With secret triumph hears the fault reveal'd—&c.
p. 17.

And

Keen to destroy, there lurks the insidious smile,
Corrupt in hatred, and in kindness vile;
There lovelorn anguish claims no generous tear,
The look, half pity, kindling barbs a sneer—&c.
p. 37.

Yet we are not allured from these scenes to the lonely cells of devotion or misanthropy. A seclusion from the dissipations of society is recommended but the more effectually to secure the consolations of friendship and the charms of tender affection. Alluding to the latter, he says

Lo! where she turns, what instant beauties rise!
Flowers blush to life, and carols peal the skies,
Ambrosial dews their nectared balm dispense,
To charm with varying sweets the ravished sense—&c.

Referring to Calypso,

On wings divine, aerial spirits shot
Ten thousand odours through her sparkling grot,
Round her rich couch with warbling echoes played,
And arched the myrtle's salutary shade;
With fragrant breath, the cooling zephyrs wove,
But all was sadness in thine absence, love!

* * * * * *

But say, what climes her genial presence greets?
What blest Arcadia owns her fond retreats?—&c.

* * * * * *

She seeks the tranquil hours of social mirth,
The mild communion, the domestick hearth,
Her sister rites with meek devotion pays,
And round the *Lares* twines with melting gaze,
Her ready choice, affection's pensive mood,
Her best reliance, peace and solitude. p. 40—43

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The four last lines cannot be exceeded either in poetick harmony, or purity of sentiment; —this is the language of nature, and *nunquam aliud natura aliud sapientia dicit.*

Mr. Story appears the voluntary imitator of no one. We sometimes recognise in his writings the bewitching tenderness of Moore, but never his disgusting licentiousness; the brilliant fancy of Merry, but not his unnatural extravagances; the solid richness of Darwin, without that wearying minuteness, that glittering load of ornament, which too often justifies the epithet of "Darwin's *tinsel* lines." Yet we have, in two instances, remarked a closeness of imitation, that is inadmissible. In page 89 we have the following lines:

> Each wish declared, ere from the lips it part,
> With magnet influence finds its kindred heart.

These too much resemble Pope's Eloisa, who says,

> Where thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
> And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

In page 34 Mr. S. says,

> With looks, that ask, yet seem to mock relief.

> With looks, that ask, yet dare not hope relief.
> *Pleasures of Memory.*

We were the more surpised to observe this, as nature has given Mr. Story a genius, that requires not the aid of plagiarism. We think him peculiarly happy in description, either of scenery or of character. The poet is thus poetically drawn:

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Art, science, nature, aid his swift career,
The torrents lift him and the tempests cheer;
True to his native clime, refined or rude,
His varying numbers seize the varying mood;
Imbued with vivid life, his paintings start,
Strong, daring, rich, and fasten on the heart.
p. 100.

The Anthology names two instances of improper accentuation, viz. "co'quet arts," and "ā'larmed soul." The censure on the former is just; but the critick will do well to read the line, which contains the latter, once more, viz.

Shouts, that freeze the ăld rmĕd soul.

But, if we mistake not, the *melody* of Mr. Story's poetry is mentioned as a fault, or, at the most, as a very trifling merit. We smile at this, and only repeat the lines of Boileau, who, we are really compelled to believe, is rather better authority than the Monthly Anthology.

Le vers le mieux poli, la plus noble pense'e
Ne peut plaire a\ l'esprit si l'oreille est blesse'e.

Mr. S. gives us a proof of this in page 72, where is the following:

Whose polish smooths the mind, and strengthens *too*.

The mere expletive, with which this line concludes, enfeebles it, and disappointing the ear, produces a bad effect.

From "internal evidence," we affirm that the Monody, which is placed at the beginning of the Fugitive Pieces, *is* the production of Mr. Story. We trace in it all his u-

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nited force and delicacy. Among these poems there are two only, which we think are not his own, viz. "The Disconsolate," and "Ellen's Adieu." The latter contains a softness, peculiarly feminine, and the former is unworthy of his genius. But the most powerful effort of his pen is "The Druid Rites." This fragment seizes on the imagination, and the blood chills with horrour at the scenes it presents. The most striking is the following:

Lo! wrapt in many a winding sheet,
With *eye of wrath and withering scowl*,
Slowly rise they from the dead,
Each unveils his cowled head,
Muttering sounds of dark intent,
That tell the moody mind on schemes of murder bent.

Who, that peruses this, does not distinctly behold before him the group it describes? Indeed, eminently does Mr. Story possess the power of presenting to the mind, in strong and glowing colours, the picture he is painting. His fame cannot be injured by the attacks of political enmity; his writings are their own defence, and the would-be critick in the Anthology, like the feeble Priam,

Telum imbelle sine ictu
Conjecit. ——

JUSTITIÆ PHILO.

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FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TRASH....N°. 1.

Φλυσω και φλυσω.

SOME years since, visiting an old college acquaintance, I observed in his library a book, labelled on the back in gold letters—"TRASH." The quaintness of the title induced me to inspect the volume. I discovered that it was made of a number of pamphlets, the ephemeral productions of past time. Here sermons and sonnets—almanacks and addresses—masonick songs and lyrick poems—essays on agriculture and collections of witty sayings, toasts, and conundrums—treatises on tar-water and news-carriers' odes—with the trial and last words of a noted malefactor, and a letter on the culture of hemp—cum CATALOGUS eorum qui & te—alicujus Gradûs Laureâ donati sunt, were by the eccentrick humour of my friend compressed within the covers of a sizeable duodecimo. This is a very singular title,—said I. It is very significant,—he replied. But here are *two sermons*,—I observed rather gravely. One of them—he returned—is very dull, and the other I wrote myself. I still think my title very apposite: and I sincerely wish that every bookseller was obliged by law to impress on his volumes titles, which would as honestly exhibit their contents; we should then have less occasion for reviewers.

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This anecdote, I trust, will serve as a plenary explanation of the *head* I have given to the department I propose to occupy in the Polyanthos. Those who are too wise, grave, and learned to be *amused*, when they see my *title*, may pass my humble lucubrations—they can regale themselves on the *ripened* fruits of science; but there are many, who may wish to cheer the gloom of a stormy evening, or relieve the tedium of busy life, with what may relax without tainting the mind; and such may have a relish for TRASH.

.....

During the contest between Charles the First of England and his parliament, when it was fashionable to give scripture names—when Praise God Barebones and Fight the good fight of faith Milbourn were all the vogue,—a worthy pair were blest with a son, born on the day of the battle of Noseby, that decisive battle, which assured entire victory to the parliamentarians; and whilst this joyful event was celebrated with sermons and thanksgivings, this zealous couple, resolving not to be outdone by any, selected a whole text of scripture, commemorative of the national deliverance, as a name for their son—and the child was accordingly named—"*Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted*" TICHBOURN.—And now, gentle reader, how do you suppose the family contrived to *abbre-*

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viate this Alexandrine of a name for every day use?—Guess—Guess —— Ay, I see it is in vain—I must tell you—They called the boy —— Trib ——

.....

For the Classick Idler.

THE SACRIFICE.

O quale hoc hurly hurly fuit.
Drummond's Polemio-Middinia.

Dum Thomas, in domo of a certain old gentleman vivens,
To his bed, comitante puella, retires in the winter:
She bearing in manu, a warming pan, illam comprimit,
Et certamina veneris the parties begin debellare:
In medio intrat, illud animal, call'd an old woman;
Et videt, horrendum! miro modo in pyxide stupum.
Interea flammæ corripiunt totas bed cloathas;
And fir'd by the warming pan, fumum undique arises.
Sic clauditur scenum, by offering devout sacrifices;
Vulcano and Hecate et Veneri known by her sweet scents. B.

.....

Leaving the great question, whether the stage is most conducive to vice or virtue, undecided, I never have yet heard it doubted, that it was an excellent school for enunciation. Indeed it seems natural to suppose

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that those, whose trade it is to repeat the literary works of others, should be emulous to express themselves according to the best rules of correct orthoepy. I must, to the honour of our Boston stage, declare, that I have had my pronunciation wonderfully corrected in various important particulars during my attendance at the theatre the past season; and I feel the more grateful, as the instruction I received, by which I have been enabled to correct and polish my Yankee utterance, could not have been derived from any other source: as I assure you I have sought for it in vain, in Sheridan, Walker, and others, who have *pretended* to instruct us in elocution. But all men are not *parfect*. Immediately after the season closed, I addressed the following *Varses* to my dear Mistriss; wherein I have attempted some of the graces of our theatrical style of pronunciation, by spelling the words as they were pronounced on the boards, as far as our sorry alphabet would enable me: for although our cris-cross row is abundantly ample to express the pronunciation of a Cicero, Ames, or Chatham, yet the poor letters often appear to make awkward and abortive efforts to delineate the elegant tones of our more polished players. S.

Love Varses to the bucheous Daffodel.

Alas! my *sheweet* Daffodel's eyes
Ave made a *greet ole* in my *art*:

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With *rapchure* my *art* almost dies,
When I see my *adjored* depart.

She's as *bucheous* as morning in May;
No wonder to love I'm *injuc'd*;
She's the *shweetest* of *creachures* I say,
That *nachure* has ever *projuc'd*.

Not *Harculus* boasts of more force;
Not *Dougle-as* shows more desire;
Not *Caato* more *virchus* resource;
Nor *Uthellur* e'er rag'd with more fire—

Than I for *shweet* Daffodel feel,
When *jest* by the woodlands we meet:
She's the *emblum* of all that's genteel;
She's *parfect* in all that is *shweet*.

I made her a *promus* of love;
To *ajore* her was ever my *juty*;
I was *onest* and true as a dove,
For who could be false to such *beauche*?

I never my *promus* will *breek*,
Though the *whirld* should in *phălanx* oppose:
Her *virchue* will bind me to keep
What her *rădiunt* eyes did impose.

My *art* *haches* to think on her charms,
Lest *forchune* her aspect should *churn*;
Was the *beauche* but once in my *harms*,
She from me should never *rechurn*.

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Shet out from her presence, I mope ;
The shepherd's all call me quite *schupid :*
Would *forchune* then lend me a rope,
I'd soon bid *ajue* to *shweet* Cupid.

If I lose her, I'll mount on my *orse,*
To bid her *ajue* then inclin'd ;
And to cheer my *art* under her loss,
I'll drink off a bottle of *wind.*

As is common with authors who make use of obscure words, we subjoin a glossary for the benefit of the *unlearned* reader.

GLOSSARY.

Ave, have
Art, heart
Adjored, adored
Ajore, adore
Ajue, adieu
Bucheous, beauteous
Beauche, beauty
Breek, break
Creachures, creatures
Caato, Cato
Churn, turn
Dougle-as, Douglas
Emblum, emblem
Forchune, fortune
Greet, great
Harculus, Hercules
Haches, aches
Harms, arms
Injuc'd, induc'd
Jest, just
Juty, duty
Nachure, nature
Ole, hole
Onest, honest
Orse, horse
Projuc'd, produc'd
Parfect, perfect
Promus, promise
Rapchure, rapture
Rechurn, return
Shweet, sweet
Shet, shut
Schupid, stupid
Uthellur, Othello
Virchue, virtue
Wind, wine

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SELECTED FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Biographical Sketch of

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND is the son of Dr. Denison Cumberland, who died at Kilmore in Ireland, Bishop of that see; a prelate of exemplary character, who fulfilled the duties of his station in a manner that acquired to him universal esteem.

By his father's side Mr. Cumberland is great-grandson to the learned and excellent Bishop Cumberland, author of the work entitled *De Legibus Naturæ*, and many other well known productions. By the mother's side he is grandson to Dr. Richard Bentley, master of Trinity College, in whose house he was born. His mother, Joanna, was the Phœbe, whom Byron celebrates in his famous pastoral of *My Time, O ye Muses.*

Richard was educated at Bury school under the Rev. Arthur Kinsman; but when that eminent master retired, he was removed to Westminster, and was from thence admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen. For the first three years of his time, as an under-graduate, he devoted himself so entirely to classical studies, that when he commenced *Soph*, he was summoned to dispute in the schools before he had read a single proposition in Euclid. By the most universal application to mathemat-

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ical studies, he in one year made a progress so extraordinary, and established such a reputation, that the schools were crowded at his disputations, and the highest academical honour was awarded him when he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. This was followed by electing him fellow of the college at the age of nineteen, a year before the usual time; and when his views in life were diverted from the profession of his ancestors, he was chosen one of the two lay-fellows of that college, to retain him in the society.

To the late Earl of Halifax he remained attached for twenty years, and accompanied him to Ireland as under secretary in the first year of the king's reign. He then declined the honour of a baronetcy, which his patron pressed upon him, but obtained the bishoprick of Clonfert for his father.

By his wife Elizabeth, the daughter of George Ridge, Esq. of Kilmiston in Hampshire, he had four sons and as many daughters. Of the former, two devoted themselves to the army and two to the navy; in each profession he has lost a son, and in each he has a son still living. Of his daughters, one died an infant, two are married, and one remains unmarried, who was born at Madrid, when he was sent into Spain upon a secret and confidential commission.

In that service, it is supposed he was cruelly and injuriously treated by his employ-

ers ; but as he appears to have maintained a strict silence as to the circumstances of that unfortunate period of his history, we shall not attempt to develope it upon vague and unauthorized report. It is understood that the riots in London traversed all his manœuvres at the court of Madrid, when they were in the most promising posture for a happy termination.

Soon after his return from Spain, with a constitution reduced to the last state of debility, by climate and fatigue, and probably by the mental sufferings which his treatment must have occasioned, he found himself dismissed from the lucrative office of Secretary to the Board of Trade, when that establishment was reduced by what was termed Mr. Burke's reform.

Other circumstances, not less aggravating, had occurred to affect his spirits and reduce his fortune. An aged relation, with whom he lived in no habits of connection or acquaintance, had surprised him by a voluntary adoption of him, as his heir ; he put into his hands the deeds of his estates, and peremptorily required him to cause an absolute transfer to be made to him of his entire property at his death. This Mr. Cumberland would not any otherwise accept, than by attaching to it a condition, that should, in all cases, empower the donor to revoke his voluntary gift. Ten years of uninterrupted harmony and good will between the con-

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tracting parties had now expired, when his benefactor saw fit, upon family reasons, to revoke his grant, and reclaim his deeds. They were punctually returned.

Discharged from publick office, he seems to have employed his leisure in those pursuits that were till then diverted into other occupations, by the duties of his station. In this period he has written much and variously. His tracts on the *Spanish School of Painters*, his *Observers*, his *Novels*, his *Dramatick Works*, not to omit the chiefest of his performances, his religious epick called *Calvary*, must be allowed as proofs of a versatility as well as fecundity of talents, not to be disputed, and perhaps seldom, if ever, exceeded by any writer within the same period of years. We are not provided with a correct list of his dramatick compositions, but we know they already exceed in number those of Dryden, and amount to considerably above thirty; and of these not one, but his comedy of *The Dependant*, ever met with a rebuff from the audience. If this be true, it is a very singular instance.

He is accused by his cotemporaries of too great rapidity, and of course carelessness, in his compositions; but of this, none but his intimates can properly judge, as none else can correctly know how many hours of the day he devotes to study, and what pains he may give to correction of his first thoughts. Certain it is, no author can be more amena-

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ble to friendly criticism, nor any more patient under that which is notoriously unfriendly. That he has been strictly and uniformly silent under the lash of illiberality is fully ascertained, and that he has never employed his pen to annoy the feelings of others, is, on his own part, repeatedly and solemnly averred, and on ours, should be as solemnly believed.

"I have, (says he, in his Observers) passed a life of many labours, and now being near its end, have little to boast but of an inherent good-will towards mankind, which disappointments, injuries, and age itself, have not been able to diminish. It has been the chief aim of all my attempts to reconcile and endear man to man: I love my country and cotemporaries to a degree of enthusiasm, that I am not sure is perfectly defensible; though, to do them justice, each in their turns have taken some pains to cure me of my partiality. It is however one of those stubborn habits which people are apt to excuse in themselves, by calling it a *second nature*." [*Mon. Mir.* 1797.]

Richard Cumberland, Esq. (says the anonymous author of the Pursuits of Literature) is an author of various talents and considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his compositions, in particular his dramatick works, which have received the sanction of publick esteem. In my opinion he has done very great service to the cause

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of morality and of literature. He is author of a work called "The Observer," and from the translations in that work of the fragments of the Greek comick writers, I believe all learned readers will agree, that he is the only man in the kingdom, with whom we are publickly acquainted, equal to the translation of Aristophanes. I wish it were to be the amusement of his retired hours. I shall never think he has been "publick too long." But as he has quitted the stage, (as he affirms himself,) such a translation would be an easy, yet an adequate and honourable employment for a man of unquestionable genius, versatility of talents, knowledge of the world, and a *consummate master* of the poetical language of our best ancient dramatick writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be our own. [*Pursuits of Lit.*]

The following little Poem has lately been in circulation at Tunbridge Wells. It conveys a delicate compliment to the present father of English poetry, the justice of which will hardly be disputed by those who have the advantage of knowing him. It is understood to be the joint production of Mrs. Riddell and Sir James Burges: rumour ascribes to the former the first three stanzas, and the remainder to the latter.

"With the Muses and Nature once loitering, quoth Time,
"Your skill you might better employ,
Than in idly contriving such works to sublime
As one stroke of my scythe can destroy."

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"Peace, boaster! your laws," cried a Muse, "you will find
One pupil of ours can defy:
Your touch has improv'd the rich stores of his mind
Without quenching the fires of his eye.

"See where CUMBERLAND smiles as our contest he hears,
And displays, as a proof of this truth,
With the treasures of science and knowledge of years,
The spirit and graces of youth."

"Scoff on," Time replied; "the example you bring
As a proof of my power may be shown:
The Muses and Graces may boast of his Spring,
But his Winter I claim as my own.

"You, Nature, endowed him with talents, 'tis true,
And his mind by the Muse was allur'd;
Yet 't was I who directed the shoot as it grew,
And by me was his harvest matur'd.

"Of your gifts I allow you to say what you will,
But here I assert my own claim;
I confess you're the guardians of Helicon's rill,
But I keep the Temple of Fame."

"Be content," cried Apollo, "and hear what I say;
We may equally claim him as ours:
At his birth I illumin'd his soul with my ray;
You, each, have augmented his powers.

"To make him immortal then let us unite,
And wide, like his worth, be his praise;
Set our Riddell at work his encomium to write,
Let her hand weave his Chaplet of Bays."

[*Spirit of the Pub. Jour.* 1804.]

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THE RIGOURS OF JUSTICE
EXERCISED ON A FATHER BY HIS SON.

A CERTAIN grocer of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning that country afforded, obtained the post of Naib, that is, deputy of the Cadi, and as such, visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all who sold by retail. As he was one day executing his office, the neighbours, who were sufficiently acquainted with his father's character to know that it was necessary for him to be cautious, advised him to conceal the weights he commonly used, and replace them with others, that would bear the strictest scrutiny. But the grocer smiled at their advice, and depending on his relation to the inspector, who, he thought, would never expose him to a publick affront, waited carelessly for his coming.

The Naib, who had reason to suspect his father's dishonest practices, was determined to detect his villany, and make him an example of publick justice. Accordingly he stopped at his door, and desired him to bring out his weights, that they might be examined. The grocer endeavoured to evade this command with a smile, but was soon convinced that his son was in earnest, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing the instruments of his fraud, after the most impartial examination, condemned and broken to pieces. Nor did his shame

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and punishment end here; for the Naib sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet; the usual punishment for such offences.

The sentence being executed, the Naib leaped from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and wetting them with his tears, cried, "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to pay the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it hath no regard to father or son. God and our neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other hand. I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and instead of blaming me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity.

SLIP-SLOP.

ÆMILIUS-Paulus Flaminius-Quintus Julius-Cæsar Muzzlemump is a man of fine natural parts, a great admirer of the liberal sciences, and was educated in the learned profession of a soap-boiler. When he had gone

through a regular process of his professional studies, it happened that the beautiful Miss Margaretta-Maria Sophia-Angelicana Grizzlegig became deeply enamoured with this same Æmilius-Paulus Flaminius-Quintus Julius Cæsar Muzzlemump, and was married to him contrary to the consent of both her papa and mama, who kept a respectable pawn-broker's repository in the polite neighbourhood of Drury-Lane.

A reconciliation, however, was gradually brought about; and in the course of three years, the father and mother both departed this transitory life, leaving Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria in quiet possession of a genteel fortune.

Æmilius-Paulus now gave up his business, whereby he became enabled to enjoy at large those more accomplishing pursuits for which nature had so manifestly designed him.

It is about five years since Æmilius-Paulus quitted business; in which time, as he himself says, he has made no small progress in the circle of polite literature: but unfortunately, Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria are strangers to that inviolable maxim, upon which subsist all the felicities of wedlock; for, in general, whatever the one admires, the other hath a particular aversion to. In short, they scarcely ever agree two days together; and the subjects upon which they quarrel are frequently education and family.

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It is not many days since I had the honour to attend the above lady and gentleman in a coach to that agreeable situation called Mount Pleasant. "I do insist upon your going," says Æmilius-Paulus; "for I'll shew you one of the most sweetest and most rurallest places you ever seed." But we had not ridden half a mile, when Æmilius-Paulus, putting his head out at one of the windows, ordered the coachman to drive more faster: upon which, Margaretta-Maria, putting her head out at the other, ordered him to drive more slower.—"Drive more faster, I say, coachman," cries Æmilius-Paulus.—"I say, drive more slower, coachman," cries Margaretta-Maria. Æmilius-Paulus submitted, and the horses kept only a gentle trot.

When we were arrived at Mount-Pleasant, and had ordered tea and coffee, Æmilius-Paulus, taking me by the arm, assured me, he would now show me a most captervating prospect. "We'll just," says he, "walk up to the surplus of the mount, and then we've all before us.—Here!—here!—here's beauty already!—Now here—now mind—only obsarve!—There's Shooter's Hill!——and there!——Don't you see that there white house there? Don't you see a thing like a cubolo?—Skim your eye a little more this way, and then you'll have it.—O ravishing landscup!—and there's St. Paul's church just before us!—and there's the Monerment!—and there's St. Bride's church, where my

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wife and I was married !"—" Ay, hang the church," cries Mrs. Muzzlemump, " I've hated the sight of it ever since."—" And so have I too," replies Æmilius-Paulus.—" And there you see the river Tems and the hills in Surry !—Now is n't this the most rurallest and most sweetest place you ever see'd ?—This is the place for pholosophers !"

Mrs. Muzzlemump, with a kind of contemptuous smile, observed, " that she had been taught to understand, that pholosophers always chose soluntary places to live in :"—but Æmilius-Paulus insisted that she knew nothing about the matter.

When we had sufficiently viewed each attractive object, and had retired to the coffee room, Æmilius-Paulus, looking very importantly at me, asked me, whether or no I had ever read Pope's works ?—" That there Pope," added he, " was a man of fine talons, and a true son of Parnassicus !" Mrs. Muzzlemump, turning her head gracefully toward me, most politely apologized for the insipidity of her husband's company. Upon which, Æmilius-Paulus, looking dreadfully angry at her, called her " a poor illitter'd wretch."

" Illitter'd !" replies Mrs. M. with fine spirit—" What do you mean, Sir, by illitter'd ? My family was never none of them illitter'd ! My uncle Hogwash of Cripplegate Ward (that's now dead and gone), was famous for his larning, and gave me

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the best of edercashons; and I was always look'd upon as a lady of genus and senterment, till I had the misfortune to take leave of my senses, and throw'd myself headlong away upon a paltry soap-boiler! I mought have——"

"Soap-boiler, madam!" replies Æmilius-Paulus, with great dignity of resentment—"a soap-boiler!—Surely as good as the daughter of a scurvy pawn-broker!"

"Intolerable impertance!" cries poor dear Mrs. Muzzlemump, with tears in her eyes—"What do you mean, you willain, by your scandal on the memory of my papa? I wish he was alive to hear you."

Æmilius-Paulus would have continued the quarrel, had not I interfered: Mrs. Muzzlemump however renewed it on our return home: and supremely happy I therefore thought myself, when the welcome moment arrived for my taking leave of this blessed couple.

Two of the greatest evils, surely, which deform the human mind, are pride and ignorance united.

The above amiable lady has an only daughter, to whom nature hath indulgently given many personal attractions: but it were better perhaps for the daughter if she was less pretty; for the lessons she daily receives from her accomplished mama may render her, in spite of all her beauty, one of the ugliest objects breathing.

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Persons of mean extraction, of confined education, and mistaken ideas, are often the most unfortunate, when fortune apparently smiles most on them; for what is elevation in life without cultivation of manners?

Lon. Paper.

ON THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

PLEASURE, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself: and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal. Take him when he is awakened too soon after a debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless woman without truth, and there is no man living whose being is such a weight or vexation as his is. He is an utter stranger to the pleasing reflections in the evening of a well spent day, or the gladness of heart or quickness of spirit in the morning after profound sleep or indolent slumbers. He is not to be at ease any longer than he can keep reason and good sense without his curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the reflections, that he could not believe such a one the woman that upon trial he found her. What has he

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got by his conquest, but to think meanly of her, for whom a day or two before he had the highest honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the man, whom of all men living he himself would least willingly have injured.

Pleasure seizes the whole man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him leisure for any good office in life, which contradicts the gaiety of the present hour. You may indeed observe in people of pleasure a certain complacency, an absence of all severity which the habit of a loose, unconcerned life gives them; but tell the man of pleasure your secret wants, cares, or sorrow, and you will find he has given up the delicacy of his passions to the cravings of his appetites. He little knows the perfect joy he loses, for the disappointing gratifications he pursues. He looks at pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the recommendation of warm wishes, gay looks, and graceful motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his presence with disorder, impotence, downcast shame, and conscious imperfection. She makes our youth inglorious, our age shameful. *Budgell.*

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PATRONAGE OF GENIUS.

Sed non satis perspiciunt quantum natura humani ingenii valeat ... *Quint. a Rol. ed. p.* 33.

It has been a general complaint, that in this country genius has been uniformly blasted by the coldness of neglect; that its seeds have often sprung up and germinated, but for want of culture have produced no fruit, or, if any, of the meanest and most degenerate kind. This complaint, if founded on truth, is indeed disgraceful to our country. I shall not examine the justice of the charge; but, admitting it to be well supported, it is still a question, whether neglect has that deleterious influence on the progress of genius, which it has been so fashionable to believe.

That genius must appear before it can be patronized, is a position, which no one can controvert. Its traces must be discovered, and its operations observed, before it can secure praise and reward. Without proper objects of beneficence, how can there be benefactors? Without Virgil and Horace, what occasion for Mæcenas? Without coadjutors in the revival of literature in degenerated Italy, what opportunity for the munificence of Lorenzo de Medici? A disposition to cherish can never originate intellectual powers, nor give them a direction which nature had not designed. When young men, overcoming by vigour of mind the fear of a world ill-natured, and censorious, and dog-

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matical, offer their claims to notice, commendation and patronage may produce an emulation for literary fame, which will give their talents a fuller exercise, but can create no new powers. With such encouragement they may become more confident, but not more capable of exertion.

Cannot then the best capacities be chilled by indifference and oppressed by opposition? Doubtless. But genius has that persevering, overcoming power, which converts indifference into favour, and opposition into patronage. Sometimes this happens, when its career is well nigh finished, and sometimes it is left to the justice of another generation. Aware of the envy and sluggishness of contemporaries, one of the greatest wits and best writers of the last century dedicated his most meritorious work to posterity. But this backwardness to commend and reward has neither checked the imagination of poets, nor prevented the discoveries of philosophers. Milton did not believe himself a blockhead, because his contemporaries were not refined enough to relish his Paradise lost. Corneille did not think himself a more contemptible poet or dramatist, because he enjoyed no portion of the patronage of Richlieu. Not the apprehension of a prison would have made Galileo less curious in discovering, and less confident in believing the truth of the Copernican system; though his timidity and actual suffering led him afterward to abjure it.

It is indeed desirable, that true genius should be encouraged and rewarded; but let it not be supposed, that encouragement and reward are absolutely essential to its progress and success. The warmest encouragement and most enthusiastick love of fame cannot convert arrogance into modesty, dullness into brilliancy, nor ignorance into learning. Among princes and the great the desire and possession of applause has had its full operation and opportunity. Many of the Roman emperors considered themselves orators and poets. They were not contradicted; but they became neither Ciceros nor Virgils. James I. was was inflated with the fulsome adulation of his courtiers, the grossness of which was exceeded only by his own vanity; and what was James I. but a royal pedant?

True genius will ordinarily discover itself, without being drawn into light by the force of patronage. Where there is one flower "born to blush unseen," there are thousands that attract and charm the eyes of mankind. The concealment of talents is always imputable to the possessor; the veil may easily be drawn aside, and the treasure disclosed. The effulgence of Butler's genius dispelled the darkness of poverty, and its warmth overcame the coldness of neglect. The great Dr. Johnson, so far from being checked in his undertakings by indigence, was rather stimulated; and, had he been obliged to beg for subsistence, he would nevertheless have

bequeathed a legacy immensely rich to posterity. And I do not believe that the insolent hauteur of the Earl of Chesterfield toward him, when compiling his dictionary, deducted from his merit as a lexicographer, or philologist. Burns, notwithstanding his limited reading, and information, and intercourse, rose to the first place among the bards of Scotland. Gifford, though shackled under a hard master, and serving at a trade, he abhorred; though deprived of almost every mean of improvement, had invention and perseverance enough to engrave his mathematical calculations and juvenile verses on the sole leather, which was unfit for the last.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the progress of genius unprotected and unrewarded. Even disappointment and calamity, instead of concealing genius, lead her from retirement.

Ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.

Genius is independent, and active, and persevering; neither perishing with indigence, nor decaying by neglect, nor yielding to opposition. It will discover itself in the peasant as well as in the prince, with reward or without, aided by applause or opposed by censure.

Shame then to those, who shelter themselves under the clamour, that talents are neglected, and make the want of patronage

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an apology for the want of genius. That this reproach may no longer be merited, let all exert the talents they possess; and let not the querulous begin to complain, until real literary excellence is despised, and spurious literature only is encouraged. [*Lit. Mis.*]

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

RUSSIAN POETRY.

In Carr's "Northern Summer" we find the following hymn, recited over the dead body of a Russian, previous to its inhumation. It is beautifully solemn and impressive.

"Oh, what is life? a blossom! a vapour or dew of the morning! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where now is the graceful form! where is youth! where the organs of sight! and where the beauty of complexion!

"What lamentation and wailing, and mourning, and struggling, when the soul is separated from the body! Human life seems altogether vanity; a transient shadow; the *sleep of errour; the unavailing labour of imagined existence*, let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world, that we may inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"Thou mother of the sun that never sets; Parent of God, we beseech thee intercede

with thy divine offspring, that he who hath departed hence may enjoy repose with the the souls of the just. Unblemished Virgin! may he enjoy the eternal inheritance of heaven in the abodes of the righteous."

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

THE following passage in the beautiful episode of Palemon and Lavinia, from Thomson's Seasons, is so well known, so universally admired, and so generally quoted, that I am not a little surprised, that, what appears to me, (to say the least of it) a most glaring inaccuracy, has hitherto escaped the notice of criticism.

> He saw her charming; but he saw not *half*
> The charms her downcast modesty *concealed*.
> *Autumn*, v. 230.

That the poet's *meaning* is here very evident, is true, and it is the only way in which I can account for his *expressions* having been so uniformly overlooked: he would say that Lavinia charmed Palemon, notwithstanding her modesty concealed half her beauties. But the above lines do not express this: they impute to Palemon a most extraordinary qualification, that of seeing what is concealed; though this wonderful talent is doubtless somewhat tempered, when we are modestly told that he did not see quite half of an invisible object, of which any one else would despair of obtaining a glimpse. It may be necessary,

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after this, to *assure* your readers, that Mr. Thomson was born in Scotland, and not in Ireland. I am, Sir, &c. B. F.

[*Monthly Mirror.*]

THE LITERARY HUSBAND.

FREDERICK Morel was translating Libanius, when some one came and told him that his wife, who had been languishing some time, was very ill, and wished to speak with him. "I have only," said he, "two periods to translate, and I will then come to see her." A second messenger informed him, that she was on the point of death. "I have not more than two words to finish," said Morel, "return to her; I shall be there as soon as you." A moment after another message brought an account of her death. "I am very sorry," said he, "she was a very good woman." He continued his translation.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

AN action, or an anecdote of a nation, often gives us a clearer idea of its character, than all the reflections an historian can suggest for that purpose. The regent Duke of Orleans once asked a stranger, what were the different characters and dispositions of the various nations of Europe? "The only way in which I can answer your Royal Highness is to repeat to you the first questions which are asked among the several na-

tions, in regard to a stranger who comes among them. In Spain they ask, Is he a nobleman of the first rank? In Germany, Can he be admitted into the chapters? In France, Is he in favour at court? In Holland, How much money has he? And in England, Who is that man?"

DUKE DE ROQUELAURE.

One finds less union amongst women than men; because they have all the same object—that of pleasing. Contempt shown to their charms is an offence never pardoned. It was one day told to the Duke de Roquelaure that two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and very much abused each other. "Have they called each other *ugly?*" asked the Duke. "No."—"Very well," answered he, "then I will undertake to reconcile them."

INSTANCE OF SUBLIMITY AND PRUDENCE.

A poor man in Paris being very hungry, staid so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up meat, that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The cholerick cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it: and the controversy was referred to the decision of the next man who should pass by, who chanced to be the most notorious ideot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter, determined that the poor man's money

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should be put between two empty dishes, and the cook should be satisfied with the jingling of it, as the poor man was satisfied with the smell of the cook's meat; and this is affirmed by credible writers as no fable, but an undoubted truth.

PATRIOTISM IN A WOMAN.

A SPARTAN woman had five sons in a battle that was fought near the city; and seeing one that came thence, she asked him how affairs went? "All your five sons are slain," said he. "Unhappy wretch," replied the woman, "I ask thee not of their concerns, but of those of my country." As to that, all is well," said the soldier. "Then," said she, "let them mourn that are miserable: for my part, I esteem myself happy in the prosperity of my country."

SELECT SENTENCES.

TRUE honour results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us both by religion and the suffrages of wise men--it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them.

A WOMAN, in the presence of her lover, should never want a looking-glass; as a beau, in the presence of a looking-glass, never wants his mistress.

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ALMOST all of us make ourselves unhappy by too much forecast.

NATURE accustoms us to suffer from our infancy, in order to teach us to suffer.

HE that keeps his promise to his own advantage only is scarcely more bound than if he had promised nothing.

I ESTEEM greatly the ignorance of a man, who believes and confesses his knowledge to be confined to what he knows.

MAN is only weak by the disproportion there is between what he can, and what he is willing to do: the only way he has to increase his strength is to retrench many of his desires.

INTERESTED benefits are so common, that we need not be astonished if gratitude be rare.

WE hate the wicked only through interest: if they did us no injury we should look upon them with indifference.

THE people who are most attached to life are almost always those who know least how to enjoy it.

THE misfortune of the most learned is not to know that they are ignorant of what they cannot know.

A WOMAN in politicks is like a monkey in a china shop; she *can* do no good, and *may* do a great deal of harm.

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THE MINSTREL.

ODE
ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

By a Gentleman formerly of the University of Aberdeen.

Te dea te fugiunt venti; te nubila cæli,
Adventumque tuum, tibi suaveis dædala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum...*Lucretius.*

HENCE, iron scepter'd Winter, haste,
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
Mid cataracts of ice, [rude,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety show'rs,
Thy gloomy Gothick castle tow'rs;
Amid whose howling iles and halls,
Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shrow'd
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

E'en now before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat;
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim figur'd on whose robes are shewn,
Shipwrecks and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue;
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threat'ning with his arrows keen;

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And next in fleecy coat, emboss'd
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come, thou rose cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blythe, as long of yore,
Bermuda's lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With muskie nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful die
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells,
In which to dip his new born bells;
Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet,
Where a tall citron's shade embrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonnair;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile;
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine;
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autmn's mellowing hand appear.

Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastick footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow tressed boy,

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Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph; and Peace,
Meek cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring
Light, and forever on the wing.
Bring the dear muse, that loves to lean
On river margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her aburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral care;
'Tis May the Grace—confest she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands;
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in Iris' hues,
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
Has drest the groves in livery green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build,
While Evening veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron mantle on;
And mists in spreading steams convey
More fresh the fumes of new shorn hay;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Sherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magick edge,
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk, but dimly seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene;

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His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk maid chaunts,
The woodman, speeding hence, awhile
Rests him at the shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume;
Nor lurking wild thymes spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet;
Nor wants there note of Philomel
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herd remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;
Rustle the breezes lightly borne,
O'er deep embattled ears of corn;
Round ancient elm with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer swarms rejoice.
Meantime a thousand flies invest
The ruby chambers of the west!
That all aslant the village tower,
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While with the level streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze;
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints and gleams of light;
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blythe heart in extasies;
And fancy to my ravish'd sight
Portrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musing lapt, nor heed the way,
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;

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And on each moss wove border damp
The glow worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the sun, at noon tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tower ;
Me, heart rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock on the mead ;
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath ;
There as my listless limbs are thrown,
On couch more soft than palace down
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around ;
And see the team shrill tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass,

But ever, after summer show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving nature's form ;
By sweet briar hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail ;
While as I walk from pearled bush,
The sunny sparkling drop I brush ;
And all the landscape fair I view,
Clad in robe of fresher hue :
And so loud the black bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings ;
From shelter deep of craggy rock,
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
From bowering beech the mower blythe
With new born vigour grasps his scythe ;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads,
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

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But ever, against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around;
A rustick, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its sides with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Where Helicon's fresh fountain swells;
Or noon tide grot where Sylvan sleeps,
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.
Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day!
Sore sighs the weary swan beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labours short reprieve!
Meantime on Africk's glowing sands
Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands,
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn,
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in ev'ry whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.
Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark;
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite;
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd.

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Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus' laureat shore.
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind.
Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail;
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak;
In the midst with sedges grey,
Crown'd a scant rivulet winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen;
Nor aught alarms the mute repose
Save that by fits an heifer lows;
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtues holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantick scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magick lawn,
By Spencer's lavish pencil drawn;
Or bower in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legendary pens portrayed;
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state where waving wide,
Thick pines, with dark'ning umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
Whence Hardyknute a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warriour guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance, and twanging string.

As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystick rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole,
First issues from her eastern goal!
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summits brow sublime,
Whence nature's universal face,
Illumin'd, smiles with new born grace;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire and ehny grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
Thy waving wood, embroider'd greens;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe's a bower of bliss!
With thee conversing, all the day
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve.

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In vallies where mild whispers use,
Of shade and stream to court the muse.
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'll fly soft luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beach and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
Its tides a far fam'd river pours:
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of peace! in lowly shed,
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of attick art
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart;
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.
Thither, kind heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, and temper gay,
The musing eve and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classick wit;
To catch the bold heroick flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame;
Nor let me fail, meantime to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise;
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroick antient deeds,
To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magick tale,
And Edward stern in sable mail,
Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

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O ever to sweet Poesy
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand
Queen of sweet smiles and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head;
She from my youthful tender cheek
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride;
With her as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance
Forever wrapt in holy trance.

For the Polyanthos.

[*The following Lines are far superiour in poetical merit to most of the odes, elegies, &c. produced on similar occasions. The author, who sent them to us for original, is informed that they were published in the* Columbian Centinel *of April* 2...Ed.]

EFFUSION OF SYMPATHY.

To the afflicted parents, who had lost three children in the course of a few months.

O could bland Sympathy's mysterious charm
Arrest the fever, and its rage disarm,
Granville secure on life's broad base would rove,
Nor parents weep the object of their love.

But not the tear of sympathy, that flows,
Nor ought affection's tenderest care bestows,
Nor yet the healing art, that often stays
The hand uplifted to cut short our days,
Could cause life's ebbing tide anew to flow,
Suffus'd with health's reanimating glow.

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Yes, hapless parents, ye again must moan
For hope deluded and for pleasure flown:
But not forever flown! Hope points the way
To that bright world of everlasting day,
Where th' infant spirit shall its parents greet,
Their long forgotten child the parents meet
And every feature, every well known trace,
Be recollected in the kindred face,
Then in the clayey bed by Jesus blest,
And consecrated for thy destined rest,
Till time, revolving on his car, shall bring
Life's long expected, all-reviving spring,
Securely sleep, amidst the countless throng,
Who wait the promis'd hour—nor think the season long,

ALBERTO.

For the Polyanthos.

The following poem was written many years ago, by a lady of uncommon virtue and genius, but never before submitted to the publick eye. Although the excellent writer has long since joined her kindred angels, yet many friends, who venerate her memory, will readily recognize the noble simplicity of her sentiments and style. P.

SINCERITY.

See the majestick form appear!
His open brow, his noble air!
Truth sparkles in his eyes;
Impostors from his presence run,
The hypocrite his face must shun,
Or at his feet he dies.

With face erect he meets the day,
While angels hail him on his way,
And honest souls rejoice;
He scatters blessings all around,
The earth rejoices at the sound
Of his celestial voice.

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Let winds and waves be hush'd to peace,
Let war and noise and tumult cease,
And hear what he declares:
"Ye sacred sons of Truth, attend,
Behold, on earth your constant friend,
Sincerity, appears.

"Commission'd from the Almighty King,
To you this well known pledge I bring
Of his eternal love;
I seal your foreheads with my name,
The glorious ornament 's the same
That angels wear above.

"This Royal Signet on your face
Shall shine with such resistless grace,
Where'er you turn your eyes,
The wildest fury it shall charm,
And safely keep you, free from harm,
Home to your native skies."

For the Polyanthos.

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

Though many a league from thy lov'd shore,
Dear native land of pure delight;
Though Fate forbid that ever more
Thy vales shall bless my longing sight:

Yet still may Fancy's magick power,
In colours bright, thy charms display;
Yet still may Hope her blessings shower,
Companion of my devious way.

O God supreme! If these remain,
To thee submissive I resign;
Of ravish'd bliss no more complain,
But own life's dearest joys are mine.

PSYCHE.

Briar-Hill, 1806.

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CANTATA,

TRANSLATED FROM METASTASIO.

Gentle Zephyr, as you fly,
Should you meet my cruel fair,
Whisper softly "you're a sigh
Of a lover in despair"—
But tell her not whose sigh you are.

Limpid brook, (since by your side,
The lovely object oft appears)
Gently murmur as you glide,
"See a hapless lover's tears"—
But keep my name still from her ears.

For the Polyanthos.

THE REVIEW.

Sed tamen amoto quærimus seria ludo....*Hor. Sat.*

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

To chase away spleen, and amuse a dull minute,
Jack sent for a book to the library, and in it
He read a long tale of a crazy old castle,
Of a murder and ghost, a baron and vassal;
Of pictures which frown'd, of aisles which embarrass,
Of sly sliding pannels, and doors hid in arras;
Guardians who *did* wrong, of friars who *did* right,
Old armour, banditti, and musick at midnight;
Of a dagger blood-stain'd, a dungeon quite stairless,
Lamps, vaults, rusty bolts, and a dismal fine heiress,
Whose birth was in mystery profoundly benighted,
Who still look'd more lovely the more she was frighted.
Jack read and then gap'd—then read—and then yawned,

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Till he threw the book down, and in passion thus stormed :
" Was ever poor lad with such horrid stuff duped?
Did you e'er see a work so horribly stupid ?"
" The work, (replied Richard) to be sure, is a bore,
For I've yawn'd o'er its pages—as you've done—before.
But when you ask gravely, if such dull stuff I've seen,
Yes—I've read its review in a late magazine.
A dull book, to be sure, of all witticism,
Is the dullest, except a dull criticism :
Of unseason'd gruel, this is a luke-warm dish,
A second time serv'd to a stomach that 's qualmish ;
This book makes you gape, while o'er it you 're poring,
But the Boston Review quite doz'd me to snoring."

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH THEATRE.

THE rage for *childish performances* in the English metropolis seems to have subsided. *Infant Rosciuses* however still spring up in different parts of the kingdom ; each succeeding one being far superiour to the last. Master Frederick Brown lately appeared at Liverpool, and played Douglas, Octavian, Hamlet, &c. In the last character his fame is said to be " established beyond the reach of rivalship."—Nov. 23. Miss Mudie, a child of seven years of age, made her appearance

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at Covent Garden. Marks of great disapprobation began to appear in the second act; and before the close of the fourth, control and opposition by the friends of the child were ineffectual. In the midst of the tumult the child, with the utmost assurance, came forward, and thus addressed the audience:

Ladies and gentlemen—I have done nothing to offend the company sent here to hiss me, and I hope you'll turn 'em out.

The audience however would not permit the child to go on; and the part was finished by another person.

On this subject Mr. Holcroft thus expresses himself. "To criticise a child, or to wound the wounded, would be equally unworthy; we have only to congratulate the town on these symptoms of returning sanity."

RUSSIAN THEATRE.

FROM MR. CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER.

Soon after our arrival, we visited the grand Imperial theatre, or opera house, called the Stone Theatre, which stands in a large open place, nearly in front of the marine garrison, formerly the new gaol, and the Nicolai canal. At four angles in this spacious area, are four pavilions of iron, supported by pillars of the same metal, resting upon a circular basement of granite, within which, in winter, large fir-fires are constructed, the wind being kep off by vast circular moveable shutters of iron, for warming and screening the servants of those who visit the theatre in the winter. Previous to the erection of these sheds, many of those unfortunate persons were frozen to death. The government, attentive to the lives of the people, has interdicted performances

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at the opera, when the frost is unusually severe. The front is a noble portico, supported by dorick pillars; the interiour is about the size of Covent Garden, of an oval shape, and splendidly, but rather heavily, decorated. The lower tier of boxes project from the sides, at the back of which are pilasters, adorned with appropriate decorations, richly gilded, above which are three rows of boxes, supported by corinthian pillars, each of which, as well as those below, contain nine persons. Nothing less than the whole box can be taken. It frequently happens that servants stand behind their masters or mistresses in the boxes, during the performance, and present a curious motley appearance. The Imperial box is in the centre of the first tier, projecting a little, is small, and very plainly decorated. The pit has seven or eight rows of seats, with backs to them, in which a commodious portion of space for each spectator is marked off by little plates of brass, numbered upon the top of the back seat; this part is called the *fauteils*. Such is the order observed here, and in every theatre on the continent, that however popular the piece, a spectator may, during any part of the performance, reach his seat, in this part of the theatre, without any difficulty. Behind, but not boarded off, is the pit and the parterre. The price of admission to the boxes and *fauteils* are two silver rubles, little more than five shillings. There are no galleries. The massy girandoles, one of which is placed at every pilaster, are never illuminated but when the Imperial family are present, on which occasion only a magnificent circle of large patent lamps is used, descending from the centre of the roof; at other times its place is supplied by one of smaller dimensions, when the obscurity which prevails induces the ladies to appear generally in an

undress. Although this gloom before the curtain is said to be advantageous to the effect of scenery, yet the eye is saddened, as it runs its circuit in vain for forms adorned with graceful drapery, the glittering gem, the nodding plume, and looks of adorned beauty, that give fresh brilliance to the gay galaxy of light. This theatre is furnished with a great number of doors and passages, reservoirs of water, and an engine, in case of fire, and with concealed flues and stoves, to give it summer warmth in winter. It is always strongly guarded by a detachment from the guards, as well as by the police officers, who preserve the most admirable order among the carriages and servants. It is not an ungratifying sight, after the opera, to pause at the doors, and see with what uncommon skill and velocity the carriages, each drawn by four horses, drive up to the grand entrance under the portico, receive their company, and gallop off at full speed; pockets are very rarely picked and accidents seldom happen.

Owing to the size and quantity of decorations, and the spacious arrangement of the boxes, I should not think the theatre could contain more than twelve hundred persons. Its receipts have never yet exceeded one thousand six hundred and and eighty rubles, or two hundred and forty pounds. How different from a London theatre, which, on a crowded night, is lined with faces, and the very walls appear to breathe!

The first opera I saw was Blue Beard, performed by Italian performers, the subject of which varied but little from the representation of it in England. The catastrophe was finely worked up, and drew from the Russians successions of enthusiastick acclamation. Do these sentiments of tenderness, these noble notions of retributive jus-

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tice, denote an immutable barbarism? The processions were in the first style of magnificence, the dresses and ornaments were very costly, and it is not unusual to introduce, on these occasions, one thousand men, selected from the guards for the expression of their faces, and symmetry of their figures, to swell the scene of pomp. The orchestra was very full, and combined the first-rate powers of musick. The scenes were handsome and well managed. A room was formed of entire sides, and well furnished; and a garden was displayed with all its characteristicks. The emperor contributes very munificently to the support of this theatre; and all the machinists and workmen are his slaves, they are all under admirable discipline. The introduction of a tree into a study, or fringing the top of a forest with a rich ceiling, scenick blunders which frequently occur on the English stage, would hazard the backs of the Russian scene-shifters. This theatre has a very beautiful set of scenes, which is never displayed but on nights when the Imperial family honour it with their presence. The silence and decorum of the audience cannot but impress the mind of any one, who has witnessed the boisterous clamours of an English audience. The curtain ascends at six o'clock precisely. No after-piece, as with us, only now and then a ballet, succeeds the opera, which is generally concluded by nine o'clock, when the company go to the Summer Gardens, drive about the city, or proceed to card and supper parties.

This theatre is as much dedicated to the Russian Muses, as to those of more genial climates. In this respect Catherine II. pursued the plan of domestick policy, so wisely adopted by Gustavus III.; but the plan, since her demise, has never been encouraged by the higher circles. A Russ

play has the same effect upon fashion in Russia, as George Barnwell has upon the same class in England. Although, in the former, there are some inimitable performers, as in the hero of the latter, one of the most perfect and affecting imitations of nature, in that walk of the drama, ever exhibited upon any stage, is displayed by Mr. Charles Kemble.

I went one evening, in company with my amiable and gallant friend, Captain Elphinstone, to see a Russ opera, called "The School for Jealousy:" it is not much esteemed. As it proceeded, Captain E. explained it to me: the sentiments were frequently coarse, sometimes very obscene; the actors, who were Russians, appeared to perform with great ability; the heroine of the piece was represented by a very pretty and interesting girl, who was taken from the hospital of foundlings: she manifested grace, and a bewitching *naïveté*, and played and sung most sweetly. I am sorry I have forgotten her name; she is the principal Russ actress, and is a very great favourite. In the course of the play, to my astonishment, was introduced a scene of the inside of the mad-house at Petersburg, in which, amongst a number of horrible grotesque figures, a mad periwig-maker threw a handful of hair-powder into the face of a frantick girl, who ran raving about the stage with dishevelled locks, which excited strong risibility among the audience. I was so disgusted at the spectacle, and the applause, that I wished it had not happened; but as it did, I record it. Although an English audience has been delighted at a dance of undertakers, laughed at the feats of skeletons in pantomimes, and in Hamlet has expressed great mirth at seeing a buffoon grave-digger roll human skulls upon the stage, and beat them about with his spade, it could not endure a sight in which those objects, whom pity

and every tender feeling have consecrated, are brought forward with ridicule. But let it be remembered that madness is less frequent in Russia than in milder regions; and hence the people, for they are very far from being strangers to feelings which would do honour to the most civilized of the human race, are less acquainted with, and consequently less affected by its appearance; and when it is thus wantonly displayed upon the stage, it appears under the mask of buffoonery. The government would do well to suppress this and every similar exhibition, calculated only to imbrute a civilized mind, and postpone the refinement of a rude one.

I was much more pleased with the Russ opera of the Nymph of the Dnieper, which is so popular and attractive, that it never fails to fill the seats of fashion. It is chiefly intended to display the ancient costume and musick of Russia. The story is very simple: A prince has sworn eternal constancy to a nymph, who is violently attached to him; his father, a powerful king, wishes him to marry a princess of an ancient house; the prince consents, but the nuptials are always interrupted by the stratagems of the jealous nymph, who appears in various disguises. The first scene was singularly beautiful: it displayed a river and its banks, and nymphs swimming; the manner in which they rose upon the water, was admirably natural; the musick of the ancient Russ airs, in which the celebrated Cossacka is introduced, was exquisite; the scenery was very fine, and displayed a number of pantomimick changes.

The Russian noblemen are fond of the drama; almost every country mansion has a private theatre. Those of the nobility, who, from disgust to the court, or some other cause, confine their residence to Moscow, and the adjacent country,

live in the voluptuous magnificence of eastern satraps: after dinner they frequently retire to a vast rotunda, and sip their coffee, during a battle of dogs, wild bears, and wolves; from thence they go to their private theatres, where great dramatick skill is frequently displayed by their slaves, who perform, and who also furnish the orchestra. These people are tutored by French players, who are very liberally paid by their employers.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

The Charleston and New-York Theatres have not yet closed. Mr. Cooper is performing at the former, and Mr. Twaits at the latter. The Philadelphia Company are at Baltimore; and a section of the Boston corps are performing at Portsmouth.

LITERARY.

AIKIN's "Letters to a young Lady, on a Course of English Poetry," in a handsome duodecimo volume, have been lately published by Messrs. Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport, and Munroe and Francis, Boston. We have not yet had leisure to peruse all these letters; but from those we have read, we feel a strong prepossession in favour of the remainder. We shall endeavour to give a copious review of this elegant work in our next; and in the mean time, would recommend it to the perusal of every lover of poetry.

Messrs. Belcher and Armstrong, proprietors of the BOSTON MAGAZINE, have lately altered the form and title of their paper. It is now published in a pamphlet of twelve duodecimo pages, with the name of THE EMERALD. It contains a series of elegant and classical original es-

says, called THE WANDERER, some amusing DESULTORY SELECTIONS, and considerable ORIGINAL POETRY; and is rising fast in literary reputation. "On a name adopted merely for distinction," say the editors, "no remark need be hazarded, yet if any should require the cause of alteration it will be found in the converse of that well known proposition that 'there is much virtue in a name.' The proprietors have assurance that The Emerald shall be polished by the labours of the learned, and occasionally glitter with the gaiety of wit, and they trust it will be found worthy to shine as one among the gems, which sparkle in the regalia of literature. *They* will answer for its being neatly *set* and making a pleasant appearance to the eye."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Those of our subscribers who have complained of too great a portion of the work being devoted to Theatrical criticisms, will be gratified to see that department curtailed in the present number. To such however we would observe, that *The Drama* has never occupied more than one sixth part of the Polyanthos; though the friends of the theatre form nearly five sixths of our patrons.

Portraits and Biography of the following persons are now preparing for the Polyanthos.

John Winthrop, Esq. first governour of Mass.
James Bowdoin, Esq.
Gen. Joseph Warren,
Gen. Wayne,
Rev. John Higginson, first minister at Salem.
Rev. Mather Byles,
Mrs. Darley,
Mr. Bates.

Several poetical favours are omitted to make room for the elegant *Ode on the approach of Summer.*

☞ *Biographical and Historical Anecdotes, Criticisms, Theatrical Information, &c. solicited.*

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S. Harris sc.

JOHN WINTHROP.

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

JUNE, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *JOHN WINTHROP, ESQ.* FIRST GOVERNOUR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE worthy subject of the following memoir was descended from a family, remarkable for its attachment to the reformed religion. His grandfather, Adam Winthrop, was a lawyer and lover of the gospel in the reign of Henry VIII. and brother to a memorable friend of the reformation in the reign of Mary I. His father, Adam Winthrop, was a gentleman of the same profession and character.

JOHN WINTHROP was born at Groton in Suffolk, June 12, 1587, and was bred to the law, though he had a strong inclination to theological studies. At the age of eighteen he was made a justice of the peace, and his virtues became conspicuous. He was exem-

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plary in his profession as an upright and impartial magistrate, and in his private character as a christian. He had wisdom to discern, and fortitude to do right in the execution of his office; and as a gentleman, was remarkable for liberality and hospitality. These qualities rendered him dear to men of sobriety and religion, and fitted him to engage in the great and difficult work of founding a colony.

When the design of settling a colony in New-England was by some eminent persons undertaken, this gentleman was, by the consent of all, chosen for their leader. Having converted a fine estate of six or seven hundred pounds sterling per annum into money, he embarked for New-England in the forty-third year of his age, and arrived at Salem with the Massachusetts charter, June 12, 1630. Within five days, he, with some of the principal persons of the colony, travelled through the woods twenty miles, to look out a convenient situation for a town in some part of the Bay of Massachusetts. Some of them built their huts on the north side of Charles river, (Charlestown) but the governour and most of the assistants settled on the peninsula of Shawmut, which was finally determined upon for the metropolis, and named Boston.

The three following years he was continued by annual election at the head of the government, for which office he was emi-

nently qualified, and in which he shone with a lustre that would have done him honour in a larger sphere and a more elevated situation. He was the father as well as governour of an infant plantation. His time, his study, his exertions, his influence, and his interest were all employed in the publick service. His wisdom, patience, and magnanimity, were conspicuous in the most severe trials, and his exemplary behaviour as a christian added a splendour to all his rare qualifications. He maintained the dignity of a governour with the obliging condescension of a gentleman, and was so deservedly respected and beloved, that when Archbishop Land, hearkening to some calumnies raised against the country on account of their puritan principles, summoned one Mr. Cleaves before King Charles I. in hopes of getting some accusation against the governour, he gave such an account of his laudable deportment in his station, and withal of the devotion with which prayers were made, both in private and publick, for the King, that Charles expressed his concern, that so worthy a person as Mr. Winthrop should be no better accommodated than in an American wilderness.

He was an example to the people of that frugality, decency, and temperance, which were necessary in their circumstances, and even denied himself many of the elegancies and superfluities of life, which his rank and

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fortune gave him a just title to enjoy, both that he might set them a proper example, and be the better enabled to exercise that liberality in which he delighted, even, in the end, to the actual impoverishment of himself and his family. He would often send his servants on some errand, at meal-times, to the houses of his neighbours, to see how they were provided with food; and if there was a deficiency, would supply them from his own table. The following singular instance of his charity, mixed with humour, will give us an idea of the man. In a very severe winter, when wood began to be scarce in Boston, he received private information, that a neighbour was wont to help himself from the pile at his door. "Does he," said the governour, "call him to me, and I will take a course with him that shall cure him of stealing." The man appeared, and the governour addressed him thus. "Friend, it is a cold winter, and I hear you are meanly provided with wood; you are welcome to help yourself at my pile till the winter is over." And then merrily asked his friend whether he had not put a stop to the man's stealing?

In the administration of justice he was for tempering the severity of law with the exercise of mercy. He judged that in the infancy of a plantation, justice should be administered with more lenity than in a settled state. But when other gentlemen of learn-

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ing and influence had taken offence at his lenity, and adopted an opinion that a stricter discipline was necessary, he submitted to their judgment, and strictly adhered to the proposals which were made to support the dignity of government, by an appearance of union and firmness, and a concealment of differences and dissensions among the publick officers.

In the year 1634, and the two years following, he was left out of the magistracy, but was again elected in 1637.

Humility and steady equality of mind were conspicuous in his behaviour, when a pretence was raised to get him left out of the government, lest by the two frequent choice of one man the office should cease to be elective, and seem to be his by prescription. An instance of this rare temper, and the happy fruit of it, deserves remembrance. There was a time when he received a very angry letter from a member of the court, which, having read, he delivered back to the messenger, with this answer, "I am not willing to keep by me such a matter of provocation." Shortly after, the writer of this letter was compelled by the scarcity of provision to send to buy one of the governour's cattle; he begged him to accept it as a gift, in token of his good will. On which the gentleman came to him with this acknowledgment—"Sir, your overcoming yourself hath overcome me."

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The fathers of New-England, in justification of their severity toward those who dissented from them, maintained that all men had liberty to do *right*, but no liberty to do *wrong*. However true this principle may be in point of morality, yet in matters of opinion, in modes of faith, worship, and ecclesiastical order, the question is, who shall be the judge of right and wrong? and it is too evident from their conduct, that they supposed the power of judging to be in those who were vested with authority; a principle destructive of liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment, and big with all the horrours of persecution. The exercise of such authority they condemned in the high church party, who had oppressed them in England; and yet, such is the frailty of human nature, they held the same principles, and practised the same oppressions on those who dissented from them. Winthrop, before he left England, was of a more catholick spirit than some of his brethren; after he had come to America, he fell in with the reigning principle of intolerancy, which almost all the *Reformers* unhappily retained, as a relick of the persecuting church from which they had separated. But as he advanced in life, he resumed his former moderation; and in the time of his last sickness, when Dudley, the deputy-governour, pressed him to sign an order for the banishment of a person deemed heterodox, he refused, saying

that "he had done *too much* of that work already."

Having devoted the greatest part of his interest to the service of the publick, and suffered many losses by accidents, and by leaving the management of his private affairs to unfaithful servants, whilst his whole time and attention were employed in the publick business, his fortune was so much impaired, that some years before his death, he was obliged to sell the most of his estate for the payment of an accumulated debt. He also met with much affliction in his family, having buried three wives and six children. These troubles, joined to the opposition and ill treatment, which he frequently met with from some of the people, so preyed upon his nature, already much worn by the toils and hardships of planting a colony in a wilderness, that he perceived a decay of his faculties seven years before he reached his grand climacterick, and often spoke of his approaching dissolution, with a calm resignation to the will of heaven. At length, when he had entered the sixty-third year of his age, a fever occasioned by a cold, after one month's confinement, put an end to his life on the 26th of March, 1649.

The picture of Governour Winthrop is preserved in the state-house of Massachusetts, with those of other ancient governours. The house in which he lived remained till 1775, when, with many other ob-

wooden buildings, it was pulled down by the British troops for fuel. He kept an exact journal of the occurrences and transactions in the colony during his residence in it. This journal was of great service to several historians, particularly Hubbard, Mather, and Prince. It is still in possession of the Connecticut branch of his family, and was published at Hartford in 1790. It affords a more exact and circumstantial detail of events within that period, than any compilation which has been or can be made from it; the principles and conduct of this truly great and good man therein appear in the light in which he himself viewed them; while his abilities for the arduous station which he held, the difficulties which he had to encounter, and his fidelity in business, are displayed with that truth and justice in which they ought to appear.

He had five sons living at his decease, all of whom, notwithstanding the reduction of his fortune, acquired and possessed large property, and were persons of eminence. Many of his posterity have borne respectable characters, and filled some of the principal places of trust and usefulness.

[*The preceding Memoir is extracted from* "American Biography," *by the Rev. J. Belknap, to which the reader is referred for a more particular account of Governour Winthrop, and a history of the events connected with his life and publick administration*....Edit.]

DRAMATICK BIOGRAPHY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF GELLERT.

When Gellert first attained celebrity, the literature of Germany had attracted little notice from the rest of Europe: its authors were then, much more even than at present, exuberant in words, spreading them over paper, and teaching little that had the least claim to originality. They seemed to delight in the prattling of childhood, or garrulity in which old age indulges itself, to the great annoyance of listeners.

Gellert was among those men of a more improved taste, the number of whom, during his life, began greatly to increase; till at present, Germany holds a distinguished rank in the republick of letters: nay, among its *own writers of inferiour genius*, it *now* repeatedly, vainly, and absurdly, claims an absolute pre-eminence. Its progress has indeed been great; but much greater tasks must yet be performed, before this proud claim can with justice be recognized.

Born in the year 1715, at Haynichen, a small town in Upper Saxony, the son of a clergyman who had thirteen children, Gellert first went to school in his native place; where he could have learned little, had he not been assisted by his father. Here however he wrote for lawyers to obtain money, and in his thirteenth year composed his first

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poem on the birth-day of his father. In 1729, he went to Meissen; at which place there is one of those seminaries called *Fürstenschulen*, or Electoral Schools, in Saxony. Here however he could make but little progress, in the acquirement of ideas, or taste; for though the classicks were *read* their merits *were not felt*; the dead letter, and not the spirit of these writers was studied; and no author thought of cultivating his mother tongue.

At this school, however, Gellert became acquainted with Gaertner and Rabner; which acquaintance soon increased into friendship for life.

At fifteen, Gellert went to the university at Leipsick, to study divinity, where he heard the famous Hoffman lecture on philosophy; at whose profound researches he greatly wondered, though, as he afterward owned, he little understood them.

In four years time he returned to his father, and began to exercise the clerical office, but without inclination.

After living some time with a noble family in Dresden, as *hofmeister*, or first gentleman, he returned home, and during two years became tutor to his sister's son; with whom, in 1741, he went back to Leipsick, partly to instruct the youth, partly himself, and again to hear his admired Hoffman, but who died at that period.

During this part of his life, he appears to have laid the foundation of his fine knowledge

of the human heart, his pure taste, and his excellent and pleasant style.

The author, in whose works he most studied, read aloud, and translated for his improvement, was Cicero. Rollin in the French, and in English the Spectator, were likewise his favourites; while an intercourse with his well-informed friends, particularly *Gaertner* and *Elias Schlegel*, greatly assisted his progress.

About that time Gellert published his fables, in *Die Belustigungen des Verstandes und Witzes* [a periodical work, which appeared in the year 1742] ; which, *on their first appearance*, were universally applauded.

On his second arrival at Leipsick, he gave private lessons, and, finding his facility and love of study increase, dedicated himself entirely to letters; for he took but little delight in the clerical profession. In 1744, he by general consent became a publick teacher, and lectured *on eloquence and poetry*. In the same year we find him one of the association of young poets, who published a work, at Bremen, under the title of *Beiträge*; and in the following year a collection of his fables first appeared, by which he rendered immortal honour to, and promoted the good taste of, Germany.

This period of his life, till the year 1751, was especially marked by activity of mind; those hypochondriack affections, by which it was afterward so much embittered, not hav-

ing yet appeared. Then it was that his *Fables*, *Dramatick Works*, *Life of a Swedish Countess*, *Essays in Prose*, *Collection of Letters*, *Moral Poems*, *Religious Odes*, and *Lyrical Performances*, were written.

This noble-minded and active man, though almost oppressed by external cares, incessant labour, and the decline of a weak constitution, after continual intercourse with the young students, who by his instruction, and after his example, became an honour to Germany, yes, the services of this man of genius were at length recollected by the court; and in 1751 a professorship in philosophy was given him, with an annual stipend of a hundred dollars! about *sixteen pounds sterling*. During the seven years' war, however, this pittance was no longer paid; and the envoy *of a foreign nation*—an Englishman, Mr. Mitchel, who had read his writings, exerted himself that his pension might be restored. Afterward indeed, toward the end of his life, a pension more worthy of his merits was allowed.

From private persons, Gellert received many proofs of gratitude and good-will: One wintry day, a Saxon peasant came to Leipsick with a cart load of wood, stopped at the door of Gellert, and asked him if he was not the gentleman who made such fine fables? Hearing it was him, the man leapt for joy, made many excuses for being so free, and begged he would accept the wood in

return for the pleasure the countryman had received. The King of Prussia thus describes him in a letter: This blunt Gellert is really an able man. Like the owl, he cannot easily be drawn from his retreat; but, having him, he becomes a mild and cheerful philosopher, acute, original, and no imitator. His heart is melting; candour and truth are on his lips, and equity and humanity are painted on his forehead: yet, the moment four persons are present, he becomes embarrassed, and, when the babbling begins, timid, confused, melancholy, forgetful, and silent. Prince Henry honoured him, and sent him a horse, that he had taken at the battle of Freiburg. Gellert was himself one of the kindest and most friendly of men. He died December 13th, 1769. Germany lamented his loss, and wept at his death.

His writings were, *Tales and Fables: Dramatick Pieces: The Life of a Swedish Countess*, a novel: *Letters to various Persons: Moral Poems: Religious Odes*, and *Lyrical Poems: Essays in Prose:* and these were all collected and published by himself.

Five posthumous volumes afterward appeared. [*Theatrical Recorder.*]

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ACCOUNT OF BIAS.

[*From Fenelon's Lives of the Ancient Philosophers.*]

Bias of Priene a small town of Caria, was in great repute in Greece, under the reigns of Halyattes and Cresus, kings of Lydia, from the 40th Olympiad till his death. He was an excellent citizen and very disinterested; acute as a politician, and accomplished as a gentleman. Though born to great riches, he lived in a plain manner. He expended his fortune in relieving the needy. He was esteemed the most eloquent orator of his time; and desirous to reap no other advantage, than that of glory to his country. He employed his skill in that art, in defending the poor, and the distressed. He never undertook any cause which he did not believe to be just. Hence it became proverbial, all over the country, when one meant that a cause was good, to say, that it was *one which Bias would have undertaken.* And when they intended to give the highest praise to an orator: *He succeeded better than even Bias himself.*

It happened, on one occasion, that pirates landed in the Peloponnesus, near Messene, and carried off several young women, whom they came to sell at Priene. Bias purchased them; brought them to his own house; maintained them as his own children; gave

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presents to them all, and sent them back to their friends. Such reputation did he acquire by this generous action, that he was, by many, styled, *The Prince of the wise men.*

Halyattes, king of Lydia, having destroyed several cities of Asiatick Greece, laid siege to Priene. Bias was then chief magistrate of the city; and, for a long time, made a vigorous resistance. But, as Halyattes seemed determined to pursue his enterprise to the end; and, besides, as the city was reduced to extreme misery, by want of provisions; Bias caused two beautiful mules to be fattened, and to be driven towards the enemy's camp, as if they had escaped from the inhabitants of Priene. Halyattes, seeing these animals in so good plight, was afraid he would not be able to take the place by famine. He found a pretence for sending a man into the city. To this person, he secretly gave orders to mark the situation of the besieged. Bias entertained strong suspicions of Halyattes's design. He caused great heaps of sand to be covered with wheat; and so dexterously did he manage the affair, that the deputy of Halyattes surveyed this great abundance without ever suspecting it feigned. Deceived by this trick, Halyattes resolved immediately to raise the siege. He made an alliance with the inhabitants of Priene, and left them in peace.—Being curious to see Bias, he sent him an invitation to visit him in his camp. Bias delivered the

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following answer to the deputies who were sent on this occasion: "Tell your king that I remain here, and that I command him to eat roots, and to weep during the rest of his life."

Bias took great pleasure in poetry. He composed above 2000 verses, in which were delivered precepts, teaching men, in every situation, how to live happily; and showing how a republick might be properly governed, during peace and war.

He was one day asked, What it was that flattered men most? "It is hope," he replied. What it was that pleased them most?—"Gain." What it was, which was most difficult to bear?—"A reverse of fortune." He used to say, that a man who could not suffer the misfortunes which befel him, was, indeed, very unfortunate.

He was once in a ship with some impious persons. There arose a furious tempest, so that the vessel was every moment expected to go to the bottom. Terrified at the prospect of death, these impious persons began to invoke the gods. "Be silent," said Bias to them, "for if they perceive that you are here, we are all inevitably lost." On another occasion, he was asked by an impious person, What was the worship which was due to the gods? Bias made no reply. Being urged to give a reason for his silence, he answered: "It is because you are asking about things, in which you have no concern."

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He used to say, that he liked much better to be an arbitrator between two enemies, than between two friends; because one never failed to fall out with that friend who had been found in the wrong; but that in the case of enemies, a man might make up matters with him, in whose favour the decision had been pronounced.

Bias was one day, obliged to judge in the case of a friend, who was found worthy of capital punishment. Before the sentence was pronounced, he began to weep before the whole senate. "Why do you weep," said one to him, "since you alone have the power of condemning or acquitting the criminal?" —"I weep," answered Bias, "because nature obliges me to compassionate the unfortunate; and the law commands me not to regard the emotions of nature."

Nothing that depends on fortune, was ever reckoned by Bias among real blessings. He deemed riches merely playthings, with which one might amuse himself in inconsiderate ease; but which frequently served no other purpose, than to turn men aside from the path of virtue.

He happened to be in Priene, the place of his birth, when that unfortunate city was taken and sacked. All the citizens carried off what they could; and fled where they expected to deposite securely what they had thus saved. Bias alone, as if insensible to the misfortunes of his country, remained

without emotion, tranquil amid all the desolation of his native city. He was asked by one, Why he did not, like the rest, think of saving something?—"So I do," replied Bias, "for I carry my all with me."

The action, by which his days were terminated, was no less illustrious than those of his former life. He caused himself to be carried into the senate, where he zealously defended the interest of one of his friends. Being now very old, it fatigued him much. He leaned his head on the breast of one of his daughter's sons, who had accompanied him. When the orator, who pleaded for his opponent, had finished his discourse, the judges pronounced in favour of Bias, who immediately expired in the arms of his grandson.

The city gave him a pompous funeral; and testified extreme sorrow for his death. A superb monument was erected to his memory, on which were engraven these words:—"Prienè was the native country of Bias, who was once the ornament of Ionia, and whose maxims are more exalted, than those of the other philosophers."

In such veneration was his memory held, that a temple was dedicated to him, in which the inhabitants of Prienè paid him extraordinary honours.

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PARTICULARS OF THE

ASSASSINATION OF PAUL,

LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

[*From Carr's Northern Summer.*]

It was the custom of the emperor to sleep in an outer apartment next to the empress's, upon a sofa, in his regimentals and boots, whilst the grand duke and duchess, and the rest of the imperial family, were lodged at various distances, in the apartments below the story which he occupied. On the 10th day of March, O. S. 1801, the day preceding the fatal night, whether Paul's apprehension, or anonymous information, suggested the idea, is not known, but conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent to Count P——, the governour of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved on his destruction: "I am informed, P——," said the emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me; do you think it necessary to take any precaution?" The Count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such apprehensions to haunt your mind; if there were any combination forming against your majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it." "Then I am satisfied," said the emperor, and the governour withdrew. Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender solicitude for the empress

and his children, kissed them with all the warmth of fare-well fondness, and remained with them longer than usual; and after he had visited the centinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber, where he had not long remained, before, under some colourable pretext, that satisfied the men, the guard was changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. An hussar, whom the emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bed-room door, in the anti-room. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier by any fair means. At this momentous period, silence reigned throughout the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the centinels, or at a distance by the murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights were to be seen distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark colossal abode. In the dead of the night, Z—— and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the draw-bridge, easily ascended the stair-case which led to Paul's chamber, and met with no resistance till they reached the anti-room, when the faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them, and presented his fusee: much as they must have all admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity, which might have endangered the whole

plan. Z—— drew his sabre and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awakened by the noise, sprung from his sofa: at this moment the whole party rushed into his room; the unhappy Sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself in the chairs and tables, then recovering he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. Finding they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life, declared his consent instantly to relinquish the sceptre, and to accept of any terms which they would dictate. In his raving, he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates, and titles, and orders, without end. They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window: in the attempt he failed, and indeed so high was it from the ground, that had he succeeded, the expedient would only have put a more instantaneous period to his misery. In the effort he very severely cut his hand with the glass; and as they drew him back he grasped a chair, with which he felled one of the assailants, and a desperate resistance took place. So great was the noise, that, notwithstanding the massy walls, and thick double folding-doors, which divided the apartments, the empress was disturbed, and began to cry for help, when a voice whispered in her ear, and im-

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peratively told her to remain quiet, otherwise, if she uttered another word, she would be put to instant death. Whilst the emperor was thus making a last struggle, the Prince V—— struck him on one of his temples with his fist, and laid him upon the floor. Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life; at this moment the heart of P— Z— relented, and upon being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, "We have passed the Rubicon; if we spare his life, before the setting of to-morrow's sun we shall be his victims!" Upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the neck of the emperor, and giving one end to Z——, and holding the other himself, they pulled for a considerable time with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was no more; they then retired from the palace without the least molestation, and returned to their respective homes. What occurred after their departure can be better conceived than depicted. No medical aid was resorted to, but in vain, and upon the breathless body of the emperor fell the tears of his widowed empress and children, and domesticks; nor was genuine grief ever more forcibly, or feelingly displayed than by him on whose brow this melancholy event had planted the crown.

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THE LANGUAGE OF PASSION.

Among the particulars that compose the social part of our nature, a propensity to communicate our opinions, our emotions, and every thing that affects us, is remarkable. Bad fortune and injustice affect us greatly; and of these we are so prone to complain, that if we have no friend nor acquaintance to take part in our sufferings, we sometimes utter our complaints aloud, even where there are none to listen.

But this propensity operates not in every state of mind. A man immoderately grieved, seeks to afflict himself, rejecting all consolation: immoderate grief accordingly is mute: complaining is struggling for consolation.

It is the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of inward grief,
Which they unseen may wail and weep and mourn,
And glutton-like alone devour.

Mourning Bride.

When grief subsides, it then, and no sooner, finds a tongue: we complain, because complaining is an effort to disburden the mind of its distress.

This observation is finely illustrated by a story which Herodotus records, b. 3. Cam-

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byses, when he conquered Egypt, made Psammenitus, the king, prisoner; and, for trying his constancy, ordered his daughter to be dressed in the habit of a slave, and to be employed in bringing water from the river; his son was also led to execution with a halter about his neck. The Egyptians vented their sorrows in tears and lamentations. Psammenitus only, with a downcast eye, remained silent. Afterwards meeting with one of his companions, a man advanced in years, who, being plundered of all, was begging alms, he wept bitterly, calling him by his name.—Cambyses, struck with wonder, demanded an answer to the following question: "Psammenitus, thy master, Cambyses, is desirous to know why, after thou hadst seen thy daughter so ignominiously treated, and thy son led to execution, without exclaiming or weeping, thou shouldst be so highly concerned for a poor man, no way related to thee?" Psammenitus returned the following answer: "Son of Cyrus, the calamities of my family are too great to leave me the power of weeping: but the misfortunes of a companion, reduced in his old age to want of bread, is a fit subject for lamentation."

(*Monthly Mirror.*)

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THE DUTIES OF MARRIED FEMALES.

"NEGLECT not," says an author, "the little arts of endearment, but let the charm which captivated the *lover*, secure the attachment of the husband." This sentiment is very well expressed in a song written by Garrick, and has been introduced in the character of *Widow Belmour*, in Murphy's excellent comedy of *The Way to keep him*, and although the majority of our female readers must recollect it, we are certain that a moral precept so elegantly conveyed, can never satiate; therefore we insert it.

THE SONG.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh,
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away,
And passions will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar.
Tho' musick in both, they are both apt to jar,
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind.
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:

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'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

The motions of a passion founded on esteem and love are regular and lasting; its elegance consists in purity, and its transports are the result of virtue and reason. The three great pillars, that are the support of virginity, are virtue, innocence, and modesty. Nothing is more spotless, for the least speck is visible on the new fallen snow. If we take a view of conjugal love, vested in all its native beauties, we must be persuaded that the pleasures of it far surpass a single life, and whatever is delightful in human nature, centres in matrimony. What delight must a well-disposed female take in conversing with the worthy object she has chosen, and under whose protection she has put herself, till death breaks the chain. All the delights of friendship, all the sweets of life, terminate in marriage. The greatest felicity we can desire in this life is contentment. If we aim at any thing higher, we shall be greatly disappointed. A wife must endeavour to attain this essential virtue. It adds all the softnesses and endearments of refined love in this state; without it, her life would be uneasy, her pleasures insipid. Happy and contented within ourselves, casting a pleasing smile on our friends and acquaintance, we shew to the world a breast at peace within itself. To render the married state more happy, the wife ought to make herself as a-

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miable in the eyes of the husband as it is in her power; the pains she took to charm him before marriage, ought to be redoubled now; to render his home agreeable to him, to receive him with open arms, and cheerful looks. From the day they left the altar of Hymen, wretchedness or felicity is placed in their own hands. It is at their option to be happy or miserable. They become, from that period, a little world of their own: a society consisting of love, mutually connected with love.

"The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

(*Mirror.*)

ACCOUNT OF A MANIACK.

(*The "Northumberland Argus" contains the following pathetick description of a maniack that lately made her appearance in the western counties of Pennsylvania.*)

One cold stormy day last February, a female stranger made her appearance in the Beach-wood's settlement on the Lackawanna. She appeared to be about thirty; tall and delicately formed; but the rose that had once bloomed on her cheek, was withered

by the canker-worm of care; and reason no longer swayed his sceptre over her mind. "They drowned my mother, O how she screams!—there! there! she sinks—help her—help her!"—was the burden of her song. But she would occasionally cast her eyes on the men, and with a wild and fearful look, exclaim, "No! No!—I hate you, you've ruined me—Poor Poll would drown herself, but the water's cold." No entreaties could induce her to take shelter from the storm. But she flew from house to house, a most melancholy picture of sorrow and woe. After having been absent a day or two, she returned with an infant naked on her bosom. "Poor thing," she would cry, when the hospitable cottager begged it of her, "Poor thing, I know you'll starve it." Nature remained true to her duty, although reason had fled from her seat. A tear, the first she had shed, fell and mingled with the snow on its neck—The soul of the little sufferer was just winging its way to a kinder parent, when the unfortunate maniack entered a cottage where the woman had but the week before buried a new born infant. She kindly begged that the child might be put in her arms.—The mother consented, and Mrs. Bucklin, (for that is the name of the humane woman) wiped the snow from its neck, wrapped it in warm flannel and gave it the breast. A gleam of wandering reason seemed to shoot across the mind of the distressed

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mother. She was delighted to see her offspring on the breast of its humane nurse, and expressed no wish to take it again, but soon wandered off; declaring she had drowned her child. She passed the village, and it is not known whence she came or whither she has gone. Mrs. Bucklin still keeps the child, and nurses it as her own. Colonel Stanton, of Wayne county, has sent it some clothes, and it has been christened by the name of Polly Snow, expressive of the place of its birth.

The unhappy maniack mentioned in the above article, has, since she left Luzerne, been wandering in this county, and principally in this township. She raves of her mother and her babes having been drowned, but sometimes says she has left one with a good woman who took it from her when she was going to drown it. We have no doubt she is the woman whose tale is so pathetically told by Mr. Minor. Would it not be worthy of the Legislature of Pennsylvania to make provision for restoring to society those afflicted beings, whom misfortune has robbed of the proudest attribute of humanity?

We cannot close this article without noticing the benevolent kindness, the heart cheering goodness with which Mr. Gaskins and family of this township have upon all occasions treated the unfortunate Polly.—"They also shall have their reward."

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MODERN OPINIONS ON THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SUN.

THAT glorious luminary which gives light and heat to creation, since the beginning of time has been either the object of religious veneration, or of wonder and delight to the sons of men. The ignorant savage frequently worships the sun as the God of this lower world; the astronomer, from a contemplation of its effects, rises to the source of all; the great mass of mankind, whether Christians, Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans, enjoy his splendour and his warmth, without troubling themselves about the substance of which he is composed.

The rustick, when he saw an astronomer levelling his telescope to the moon, happy in his own ignorance, justly observed, "that whatever might be seen or said of that planet by the learned, they must ever be as far distant from it as he was." Yet let not this be construed as tending to ridicule philosophical inquiries. When pursued under the guidance of good principles, they cannot fail to render men more devout. But the discordant hypotheses which astronomers form on subjects beyond the reach of human intelligence, ought to teach modesty in argument, and diffidence in assertion.

The sun was long supposed to be an immense globe of fire; but Herschel, who has

paid great attention to his spots, considers that luminary as similar to the planets, and not a flaming orb. He calculates some of its mountains to be two hundred leagues in height. According to this astronomer, the atmosphere of the sun is composed of different elastick fluids, some of which are luminous or phosphorick, others simply transparent. The former give the sun the appearance of a mass of light or fire; while the latter being only transparent, suffer his body to be seen—hence the maculæ or spots. This able astronomer, whom royal munificence has naturalized in Britain, farther conceives the sun to be inhabited, as there is reason, from analogy, to suppose all the planets are.

On the other hand, Lelande, the best astromomer of France, thinks that the sun is really a solid mass; but that his surface and part of his body are composed of an incandescent fluid, which, by any movement, leaves uncovered sometimes a portion of his body or his mountains; and these constitute his spots. While professor Wilson considers the spots of this luminary as eruptions or volcanoes.

All these opinions are ingenious; but who shall decide on their truth, or which ought to be adopted in preference to the rest?

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TRAITS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN CHARACTER.

[From Weld's Travels through North America.]

Our friend Nekig, the Little Otter, had been invited to dine with us at the house of a gentleman at Detroit, and he came accordingly, accompanied by his son, a little boy of about nine or ten years of age. After dinner, a variety of fruits were served up, and amongst the rest some peaches, a dish of which was handed to the young Indian. He helped himself to one with becoming propriety; but immediately afterwards he put the fruit to his mouth, and bit a piece out of it. The father eyed him with indignation, and spoke some words to him in a low voice, which I could not understand, but which, on being interpreted by one of the company, proved to be a warm reprimand for his having been so deficient in observation as not to peel his peach, as he saw the person opposite to him had done. The little fellow was extremely ashamed of himself; but he quickly retrieved his errour, by drawing a plate towards him, and peeled the fruit with the greatest neatness.

Some port wine, which he was afterwards helped to, not being by any means agreeable to his palate, the little fellow made a wry face, as a child might naturally do, after drinking it. This called forth another reprimand from the father, who told him, that

he despaired of ever seeing him a great man, or a good warriour, if he appeared then to dislike what his host had kindly helped him to. The boy drank the rest of his wine with seeming pleasure.

The Indians scarcely ever lift their hands against their children; but if they are unmindful of what is said to them, they sometimes throw a little water in their faces, a species of reprimand of which their children have the greatest dread, and which produces an instantaneous good effect. One of the French missionaries tells us of his having seen a girl of an advanced age, so vexed at having some water thrown in her face by her mother, as if she was still a child, that she instantly retired, and put an end to her existence. As long as they remain children, the young Indians are attentive in the extreme to the advice of their parents; but arrived at the age of puberty, and able to provide for themselves, they no longer have any respect for them, and they will follow their own will and pleasure in spite of all their remonstrances, unless, indeed, their parents be of an advanced age. Old age never fails to command their most profound veneration.

No people are possessed of a greater share of natural politeness than the Indians: they will never interrupt you whilst you are speaking; nor, if you have told them any thing which they think to be false, will they blunt-

ly contradict you. "We dare say, brother," they will answer, "that you yourself believe what you tell us to be true; but it appears to us so improbable, that we cannot give our assent to it."

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 8.

Beauties of the Sabbath, continued from Volume 1, p. 162.

THE author, after an appeal to Justice, on the indiscriminate severity of criminal law, which decrees to

——various crimes of various guilt,
One penalty, the most severe,

contrasts it with the comparative mildness of the Jewish law, which ordained every fiftieth year for a Jubilee,

The trumpet's voice
The sabbath of the jubilee announced.
The freedom-freighted blast, through all the land
At once, in every city, echoing rings.
Free is the bondman now; each one returns
To his inheritance. The man grown old
In servitude, far from his native fields,
Hastes joyous on his way; no hills are steep;
Smooth is each rugged path: His little ones
Sport as they go, while oft the mother chides
The lingering step, lured by the way-side flowers,

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He then presents us with a picture of the emigrants in the wilds of America, where Scotia's children

——— in the desert land
Keep holy to the Lord the seventh day.
Assembled under loftiest canopy
Of trees primeval, (soon to be laid low)
They sing, *By Babel's streams we sat and wept.*

Speaking of the predilection usually entertained for one's native country, he says—

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent!
In foreign lands, though happier be the clime,
Though round our board smile all the friends we love,
The face of nature wears a stranger's look.

The inhabitants of the Highlands, who were driven into exile by the proprietors adopting such agricultural improvements as diminished the quantity of human labour employed in cultivating the soil, are represented as still regretting their native land and the objects with which they had been conversant. The passage which describes the boy born at sea, whether *literally true* or not, is rich in *poetick beauty*:—

The boy, whose birth was midway o'er the main,
A ship his cradle, by the billows rock'd—
"The nursling of the storm"—altho' he claims
No native land, yet does he wistful hear

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Of some far distant country, still called home,
Where lambs of whitest fleece sport on the hills,
Where gold-speck'd fishes wanton in the streams;
Where little birds, when snow flakes dim the air,
Light on the floor, and peck the table crumbs,
And with their singing cheer the winter day.

The description of a man on a desart island—his sabbath—and release by a missionary ship, contains many moral sentiments. The sabbath service on board a slave-ship is written with much feeling, and concludes with an appeal to England on the subject of her encouragement of the slave-trade. This is followed by an apostrophe to TELL, and a description of the destruction of Swiss freedom. The Poet then addresses Scotland, and intreats her to beware of the irruptions of invaders; and

——— should the stamp
Of slavery's footstep violate the strand,
Let not the tardy tide efface the mark;
Sweep off the stigma with a sea of blood.

The happiness of seclusion from the noise and bustle of the world forms one of the most pleasing paragraphs in the poem:—

Thrice happy he, who far in Scottish glen
Retir'd, (yet ready at his country's call)
Has left the restless emmet-hill of man!
He never longs to read the saddening tale
Of endless wars; and seldom does he hear
The tale of woe; and ere it reaches him,

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Rumour, so loud when new, has died away
Into a whisper, on the memory borne
Of casual traveller :—As on the deep,
Far from the sight of land, when all around
Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell
That gently heaves the ship, tells as it rolls,
Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

The remainder of this poem, and the four short pieces which follow it, entitled *Sabbath Walks*, will form the subject of a future paper. J.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TRASH....N°. 2.

Φλυαρω και φλυαρω.

THE TOWN ECLOGUE....*A Fragment.*

To welcome nature in her early spring...*Devenant.*

See, see, bluff winter quits the town,
And congees with her surly frown:
In her train the beldame carries
All sweet Fashion's gay vagaries;
Her cork soal'd shoes, and bonnet rough,
Her camel shawl and bearskin muff,
Her beaver gloves and fleecy dress,
Red comforter and silk pelice;
And what is worse, the beldame 's stole
Of all our bliss the very soul,
Has stole the concert, play, and ball;
And what is still the worst of all,

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Has Cooper stole, and with him fled,
And left us ****** in his stead.

See the town bred Spring advancing,
Friend to grass, and foe to dancing!
See adorn her lovely tresses
Cabbage-sprouts and water-cresses!
While for plume, the hoyden lass
Sports a bunch of sparrow-grass.
See, beneath her market wreath,
She smiles her dandelion teeth;
Whilst with voice as sweet, or sweeter,
As Billings' strains or Sternhold's metre,
With voice which musick cannot ape her,
Like nightingale or Mrs. Draper,
She cheers her pannier'd mare and screams
Her strawberries and fresh string-beans:
Or, whilst her one-wheel'd chariot rattles,
She bawls her epicurean chattels;
Her shelly stores from old Cape Cod,
Her mackerel, lobsters, and tom-cod:
Or, in her awning stalls displays,
Her tempting lures to hungry gaze;
Her luscious stores of fish, fowl, flesh,
Her salmon smok'd and salmon fresh;
Cod's tongues and sounds, and smelt, and eel,
Calves' feet and head, and pluck, and veal—
Far richer flowers than rural spring
From all her scented hoards can bring.
For can the rose's gayest die
With salmon sous'd in beauty vie?

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Or can the rose's sweetest smell
Vie with a fresh caught mackerel?
Her rustick coz let others sing,
But let me taste the town bred Spring.

Close by her side see ******* smile,
That critick in dumb-fish and oil,
Who thinks there's heaven in good dinners,
And hell is fill'd with hungry sinners.
Close by her side the glutton stands,
And takes his snuff, and rubs his hands,
With critick nose assays her trash,
And licks his lips and pays the cash.

HORACE, ODE XXII, LIB. 1.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus....imitated.

Grac'd with a temper void of affectation,
She who alone her native charms relies on,
Needs not the aid of rouge, ceruse, or carmine,
Mortal with poison;

Whether in the ball room down the dance she wanders,
Or at the concert, where no frozen beaux melt,
Or in the stage box where sly comick Twaits pours
The full tide of laughter.

She at her book, from toilet cares abstracted,
Simply attired, a smart dashing beau saw;
Saw—and tripp'd off—pronouncing her a queer quiz,
Or bore most horrid.

Such a smart tippy fashionable England
Ne'er could produce through all her realms of Bond-street,
Nor dressy France, that nursery of fashion,
Land of petit-maitres.

Place her where never lemonade or silk fan
Cool'd the flush'd partner, wearied in cotillion,
Or where old bachelors, powder'd by time's friseur,
Gloom the horizon—

Place her in massy iron grated nunnery,
Where chaste Diana o'er the frost bit vestals,
Snows with icy rigour, and the pent up virgins,
Freezes to old maids.

Still shall the sweet nymph never fail to charm me,
Who in neat attire with the blush of nature,
Looks interesting when she's sweetly smiling,
Sweetly conversing.

S.

JEHANDER, PRINCE OF AVA.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

By Dr. Mavor.

In every clime he that seeks for wisdom will find means to become wise; he who is in love with Virtue, will obtain possession of her charms.

Jehander the son of Kussain, king of Ava, from his earliest years had shown a predilection for learning, and the most inquisitive taste for knowledge. The toys which were liberally supplied to amuse his infant hours, were constantly pulled to pieces, in order to examine their mechanism and structure; the very robe that wrapped his tender limbs was unwove, to ascertain its texture. He questioned his attendants in regard to every phe-

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nomenon of nature, and every effort of art; but, in general, their ignorance frustrated his ardent thirst for information, and he was rather indebted for what he acquired, to the resources of his own mind, than to the instruction of others. He longed to burst the fetters which were imposed on his mental and corporeal liberty, and to contemplate the universe free from the trammels of restraint, and to signalize himself in a path which had never been trodden by any native of Ava before.

The genius that presided over his natal hour, saw his glorious ambition, and determined to open the way, unseen, to its gratification. As a preliminary step, till the prince's reason became more mature, he inspired his keepers with an unusual degree of attachment to their amiable charge, and an acquiescence in his laudable endeavours to investigate the mysteries of nature. They granted him as he grew up, a greater latitude of range than any of the royal family had ever been indulged in: they led him round the gardens of the palace, and set before his admiring view every object that could excite and then gratify his curiosity. They brought him from distant fields the most beautiful and the most fragrant flowers, which he dissected, to discover the laws of their organization, and the economy of their growth: they allowed him to pluck others from their native beds, or assisted him to rear them from the tender seed.

Of all pastimes and employments he thought this the most delightful; and he never saw the earth, in the vicinity of the royal residence, covered with its verdant robe, and spangled with a thousand dies, but he expressed his regret at not being able to analyze and name its various productions, and to trace them throughout their remotest haunts.

"Why," would the young Jehander exclaim, "was I born to be confined within the narrow precincts of my paternal palace, and to waste my days in inglorious ease and gloomy ignorance, when Nature spreads her volume for my instruction, and the charms of creation invite me to a more minute survey? The painted tenant of the sky flies as it lists with light wing, from place to place; sometimes tunes its melodious pipe on the trees that shade the sunny gardens of Ava; and, when weary of the objects beneath its view, aims a higher flight, soars beyond the power of man, and alights in other districts that offer fresh variety or delight. It shifts from clime to clime, as the season or fancy recommends; it enjoys every blessing of diversified nature that its limited faculty can taste; while I am cooped up within the narrow bounds of a spot, whose round I have trodden, till repetition becomes irksome; and feel my mind contracted, from the want of opportunities to enlarge it. I am pestered with unmeaning forms, which

teach me nothing I wish to know. My tutors attempt to instil principles into my bosom which violate its uncontaminated perceptions of right and wrong; but no one is either capable or willing to instruct me in what I deem most essential to learn, and most conducive to my felicity to acquire."

Every day the amusements, the pursuits, and the studies of the court became more vapid, and the gloom of discontent sat on the prince's eye, and clouded his usual smile. By this time he had examined every plant, he had surveyed every animal, which his attendants had the means to procure; but he was still dissatisfied with his very partial acquaintance with nature; and the king his father, destitute himself of every idea beyond that of the routine of court parade and voluptuous pleasure, saw with concern the more elevated notions and expanded sentiments of his son, and tried to check their growth, as derogatory to his royal birth.

"Jehander," said he, "when I am called to join my fathers, it will be your lot to sit on the throne of Ava, and to wield the sceptre over a people countless as the stars. Your ancestors, except when called on to head their forces in defence of their realms, or when ambition prompted them to extend their sway, have been content for ages to live within the boundaries of this palace, blest in the pleasures it supplies, and satisfied with the knowledge of governing, indifferent a-

bout knowing more. The peasant studies nature—it lies under his view; but a prince of Ava ought to study art: for though other acquisitions may possibly furnish a kind of intellectual pleasure to some tastes, what is their utility in the science of oriental sovereign power? Plants and animals may amuse children, but you were born to govern men."

"Sire," replied the prince, "to the author of my existence I owe every degree of respect; but Heaven fixed the bias of my mind, and I cannot resist its impulses. The Eternal has moulded it in a different form from those of the ancestors you speak of. It pants for knowledge, which hitherto it has not been able to acquire; but I promise you, that in all my pursuits I shall endeavour to render my attainments subservient to some benevolent or useful end. Surely it is no reflection on him who is destined to govern, to be wiser and better than his subjects: if it is, I must learn to acquiesce in my present contracted knowledge, or rather my palpable ignorance of nature and her works."

The prince retired to his apartment, distracted by the conflict of passions, and vented in private the bitterness of his soul. "A peasant may study nature, but a prince of Ava ought to study art." The sentiment might be politick, but he did not feel it to be just. Night began to draw her curtains round his bed; but sleep disdained to seal his eyelids.

He became feverish with agitation. He started from his couch, and opened the window. Gales of fragrance recreated his senses; the universal silence that prevailed, revived all his desire for a more unconstrained field of observation. He meditated to elude the vigilance of his guards, and to escape to the regions of nature. He was just ready to spring from the window, when he fell into a swoon. He recovered, and found himself in an unknown place, with heaven for his canopy, and earth for his bed.

Instantly a venerable figure, clad in robes of azure light, appeared before him, and taking him by the hand, with looks ineffably sweet, demanded his attention. "I am the genius," said he "that presides over your destiny: fear not—you are safe under my protection. I admire, and will gratify your taste for natural knowledge. Under my guidance you shall know all that mortals can know. I will display to your enchanted view, every plant that drinks the dew, every living thing that peoples the earth, that wings the sky, or swims in the liquid element. I will open the recondite stores of the universe to your sight; and when you have satisfied your curiosity, I will lodge you in the palace of Ava, nor shall it be known you ever left it."

The prince was ready to expire with wonder and delight. The genius conducted him over every quarter of the globe, and explain-

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ed to him the productions of every kingdom of nature, their use and qualities, apparently at leisure, and without confusing his ideas: but what was his astonishment, when he opened his eyes next morning in the identical bed, in the palace of Ava, on which he had laid himself down the evening before!

Jehander now discovered he had been in a trance; but the impression he had received was permanent and complete. On the death of his father which happened not long after, he ascended the throne, and the knowledge he had acquired was immediately applied to promote the happiness and civilization of his people, to encourage trade and manufacture, and to make himself not only adored for his virtues, but respected for his wisdom.

ANECDOTES OF MAHOMETAN JUSTICE.

The venality of the Mahometan cadis or judges is proverbial in all countries; and is so well known among the natives, who are frequently the victims of their exactions and cruelty, that, by way of revenge, the only satisfaction they dare to take, a kind of comedians perform interludes in the coffeehouses, the plot of which generally turns on the dexterous villany of those corrupt ministers of justice. A late writer on Turkey furnishes us with the subsequent anecdotes, which illustrate the old proverb, "that a fool can-

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not be a rogue," and that it requires some address to deceive with effect.

An Arab who had hired out his camel to a man to travel to Damascus, complained to a cadi on the road, that he had overloaded his camel; the other bribed the cadi. "What has he loaded it with?" asks the cadi. The Arab answers, "*With cahué (coffee) and mahué;*" *i. e. coffee et cetera.* (changing the first letter into *m* makes a kind of gibberish word, which signifies *et cetera*;) "*sugar and mugar, pots and mots, sacks and macks,*" &c. going through every article the camel was loaded with. "*He has loaded it twice as much as he ought.*"—"Then," says the cadi, "let him load the cahué, and leave the mahué, the sugar, and leave the mugar, the pots, and leave the mots, the sacks, and leave the macks," and so on to the end of all the articles enumerated; and as the poor Arab had named every article, and only added *et cetera*, according to the Arab custom, without there being any, &c. he took up the same loading as he had before.

A Christan subject of the Turks was carried before a judge at Aleppo, and accused by a sheriff of having one evening in the bazar or market place, knocked off his green turban, the punishment for which would have been capital; and, to increase the danger, the judge himself was a sheriff. The Christian, however, sent secretly, bribed the cadi, and informed him of the truth, which

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was, that the sheriff's turban was of so dark a green, that he took it for a dark blue, a colour which a Christian friend of his wore, and for whom mistaking him, in the dusk, he had knocked off his turban in a joke.

The accused was brought before the judge, and the plaintiff attended with a great number of other sheriffs. "Do you come here," said the cadi, "in such numbers to ask justice, or to take it yourselves? Go out, all but those who are witnesses; And you, Christian," addressing himself to the accuser who had been privately pointed out to him, "go you out; I suppose you are a witness for the accused; you shall be called when you are wanted." The plaintiff, on this, exclaimed, that he was not only a Mahometan, but a sheriff, and the accuser himself! "What!" says the cadi, "you a sheriff, and wear a turban of a colour, that I myself, in the day time, took for that of an infidel! how could the poor infidel, in the dark, distinguish it? You ought to wear the holy *grass* green of the Prophet, and not be ashamed of it." Accordingly he acquitted the Christian, and ordered the plaintiff to be bastinadoed for not wearing a proper green turban. This ingenuity, stimulated by a bribe, gave a semblance of justice to his decision, and even the sheriffs did not venture to complain of such a nice expounder of the laws of the Prophet.

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THE GOSSAMOUR.

MARIVAUX, the author of a three act comedy called *Love and Truth*, said, on leaving a box where he had sat *incognito* during its representation, which had little effect, "that it was the most tiresome piece he had ever seen, and that he himself was the author of it."

WHEN Voltaire's tragedy of *Alzira* was first performed in 1716, it was reported by many persons that it was not the work of Voltaire. "I hope the report is true," observed a wit. "Why?" asked another. "Because," replied the former, "we shall then have two good poets instead of one."

Weeping Beauty.

FROM morn to night, or griev'd or glad,
Lucilla's looks are always sad;
Her kerchief she with tears is steeping:
Some think the pretty wretch gone mad,
But lately I the reason had——
She looks most beautiful when weeping.

Epitaph.

HERE lies the Devil—ask no other name!
Well—but you mean Lord ——? Hush! we mean the same.

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A curious Attempt at the Sublime.

"THE wild rocks raised their lofty summits till they were lost in the clouds, and the vallies lay covered with everlasting snow. Not a tree was to be seen, or a shrub even big enough—*to make a tooth pick.*"

Cook's Voyage.

COL. BORLASE, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how d'ye? answered, "Pretty well I thank you; you find I hold my own."—"Yes, Sir," rejoined the man, "and more too, to my sorrow."

THE deceased Count Bibb, one night at the cider-cellar, told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral; which induced the other to ask him, if the money was to be spent going or returning? Bibb good-humouredly replied, "*Going*, to be sure; for when you *return*, *I shan't be with you.*" [*Lon. Pap.*]

On Lord —— beautifying the back front of his house....By a Waterman.

On silver Thames I 've daily row'd,
Some twenty years or thirty,
And still my Lord his backside show'd
Black, yellow, brown, or dirty.

But t' other morn, surprised, I cried,
So white and clean it made it,

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This cannot be my Lord's backside,
It surely is my Lady's.

British Martial.

The Chain of Government.

WHEN Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man;
This Moses asserts, and from hence would infer,
That *woman* rules *man*, and the *devil* rules *her*.

Ibid.

Epitaph, intended for the facetious J. Hearty, comedian, who died of a consumption... By a gentleman of the Boston Theatre.

BENEATH these stones
Are laid the bones,
The bowels and the hide—
Good lack!
The flesh, they say,
Had run away
Some time before he died—
Poor Jack!

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE single effort by which we stop short, in the down-hill path to perdition, is, itself, a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice.

A GOOD companion is a prize.

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Good spirits are often taken for good nature: yet nothing differs more. Insensibility being generally the source of the former —and sensibility of the latter.

One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

"The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own."

Great errours are often connected with elevated sentiments; but in order to understand this, we must ourselves possess greatness of soul.

Those who outlive their incomes by splendour, in dress, or equipage, are well said to resemble a *town on fire*—which *shines* by that which *destroys* it.

Flacourt, in his history of the island of Madagascar, gives us a sublime prayer, used by the people *we* call savages. "O Eternal! have mercy upon me, *because* I am passing away:—O Infinite! because I am but a speck:—O Most Mighty! because I am weak:—O Source of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave:—O Omniscient! because I am in darkness:—O All-bounteous! because I am poor:—O All-sufficient! because I am nothing."

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THE MINSTREL.

For the Polyanthos.

AN EPISTLE TO MY MUSE:

Or, a Postscript to the Epilogue to the Theatrical Season.

—— iterum, iterumque vocavi....*Virgil.*

Tell me, Muse, that thou and I, sweet rogue,
Have sadly miss'd it in our Epilogue.
Jack Dash pronounc'd it a most horrid bore;
The author 's a mere quiz, Dick Dompish swore;
And e'en Miss Phebe showed her sex's spite,
And "vowed the thing was vastly impolite."
But what, my Muse, should more surprise create,
Miss Prue declared it so indelicate,
So thick with double vile entendre strown,
It made her blush to read it when alone!
O Delicacy! blushing, timorous maid,
Of substance nought, of shadows oft afraid,
Who can't a sermon read without a qualm,
And find't a double meaning in a psalm;
And, whilst the poet's page thy heart alarms,
With cobweb muslin scarcely veils thy charms;
Pardon, sweet nude, and calm thy prudish flutter,
Just glance thy eyes on thy own tonish tucker:
Let Modesty pronounce, with judgment clear,
Who most offends her eye, or most her ear.

But zounds, what noise distracts my nerves of hearing!
What horrid cursing, damning, sinking, swearing!
It seems as if a thousand Jacks were braying,
Or if ten thousand *****s were buzzaing.

"—— flat, —— low, —— stuff, —— mean
—— froth!
—— —— the poet and the printer both.
O Gad confound the *odus* rhyming *fellur!*
I *hates* him *worser* than the Moor *Urthellur*:
I *pronus* him that I despise his drivel—
O he 's the very *emblum* of the *Divel*."
This chasten'd language surely well explains
From whence proceed these Chesterfieldian strains:
Such brimstone tropes with certainty presage
That school of Virtue, our pure, moral stage.
For lo! the Green Room quakes with wild uproar,
Vindictive furies seize the Thespian Corps;
Melpomene her blood-stained dagger draws,
Prepares her poison'd bowl to drench my jaws;
The shingle dagger, Harlequin, is thine;
Vex'd Thalia dips her comick lash in brine;
And all the play-house gods prepare for fighting,
With sheepskin thunder and bright rosin lightning;
While *****'s voice, like London watchman's rattle,
Or light-horse conch shell, sounds to the corps to battle;
And Atè fierce, in shape of Mrs. ****,
Cries Havock! and lets slip the pups of war.
But say, my Muse, what all this noise provokes,
Why dwells such mighty rage in little folks?
'T is our vile epilogue has caused this fury,
And raised this tumult in our Yankee Drury.
Some are enrag'd, their merits were not rais'd,
And others vex'd that rivals were beprais'd;
Some angry, that their slightest faults were scann'd;
And some d——d mad, because they were not damn'd;

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Some blame too liberal, some too scanty praise,
And all provok'd that ****** gain'd the bays;
All, all inflam'd, and all prepared to shed
The Thespian rancour on the poet's head—
Prepared to pour the vengeance of the stage,
With all the impotence of Green Room rage.
Come, come, sweet Muse, let 's close this doughty quarrel!
Go, get thy critick specs, and bunch of laurel.
The Thespian ranks we will again display,
And drum the corps to one more muster-day:
No biting satire shall deform our lays
With bluff contempt or odious sneering praise:
From Flattery's beds we'll cull our rhyming posies,
Perfum'd with with otto, wash'd with milk of roses;
Our errours past we'll mend in this soft sequel,
And sooth their palates with our sweetest treacle.
Like London dolls we'll each gay actress shew,
With rosy cheeks and eyes of glassy blue,
And each pleas'd actor now shall gaily seem
A Christmas window, stuck with evergreen.
And see, my Muse, once more the mimick train,
All eager, panting, emulous of fame;
With sacred love of fame all, all infected—
They'd rather be lampoon'd than be neglected.
And first, my Muse, the dapper *** draws nigh,
The very Harlequin of tragedy;
That merry mourner with his giggling Oh!
That sneering, skipping, tripping type of woe;
That solemn droll, with tragicomick sneer;
That joking Numpo in the robes of Lear.
'T is his, when sorrow should becloud his face,
To vent his anguish in a broad grimace;
When grief should fill the anguish'd sufferer's eye,

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To smartly wink a tear or snort a sigh:
And when the poniard strikes the hero's heart,
And the soul struggles from the flesh to part,
Like country bumpkin, (now it 's time to die)
He scrapes his foot and bids the folks Good bye!
In tragick attitude see ***** stand,
With melting eyes and elevated hand;
Some mighty sorrow labouring in her breast,
With frame convuls'd she heaves the burthen'd chest,
While limbs, air, features, all at once express
The scorpion anguish of her deep distress.
But whence proceeds, my Muse, her lengthen'd pause?
When will this statue ope her marble jaws?
For still she stands, in all her tragick pride,
Like tearful Niobe, quite petrified:
Say, what narcotick charm has seiz'd the maid?
Why, don't you see?—*she waits the prompter's aid!*
Now—now she bursts the deep impassion'd pause,
And tortures feeling with her — Hems — and — Ha ——s.
But who is he, that hops upon the boards,
With voice, like mastiff, growling out his words?
Sure Nature's journeymen the fellow made
From mouldy scraps and offals of their trade!
With *twin* pretensions, Muse, he seeks thy praise,
And claims thy comick wreath and tragick bays.
What cobweb hopes vain-glorious folly spins!
I only wish the fellow's legs were twins—
For, while his right leg cuts the Thespian caper,
His left leg stands like idle, calm spectator;
Or steel dividers, while one foot is fast,
The other round and round is nimbly cast;
Or novice actor, when he waits his cue,
Standing unmov'd, as if he'd nought to do:

If both legs move, poor ****** seems to go,
Like begging cripple, with a timber toe;
Or mismatch'd poneys, in a hackney racing,
With near nag trotting and the off one pacing.
But even ******'s praise the Muse shall sing,
When he enacts the Danish player king.
When, through the lips of Hamlet, Shakespeare sage,
With critick rules, corrects the erring stage,
Then ****** shines—his voice and action shew
The blundering actor, whom old Shakespeare drew;
See-saws the air, and swells, and struts, and brags,
And kicks and tears a passion into rags.

Sweet are the smiles which timid maids dispense,
Sweet the coy looks of bashful innocence;
But sweeter far the lovely actress seems,
Who veils with modesty the loosest scenes.
Whether in manly garb compell'd to appear,
Or forc'd to assume the meretricious leer,
Still female sanctity and worth are seen
To claim respect and chasten every scene.
Not so smart ***** meets the publick eye;
She scorns the aid of homespun modesty;
Thinks broad assurance is prodigious merit,
And gives to double meanings all their spirit;
Stares at the pit, and ogles rakes and beaux,
And sports her ankle gay with pick-nick hose;
And boldly says, as plain as looks can say,
"Come, look at—I—and never mind the play!"

Now, angry Muse, assume thy sternest frown,
And drive this worse than tripler from the town.
With those she favours let her seek her lot,
With rake-hell bully and vile dashing sot.
And, Muse, proclaim thy Mede-and-Persian law,
And let the Thespian corps attend with awe—

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From time henceforth no player shall succeed
To publick favour, or obtain thy meed,
Who seeks by folly to obtain base fame,
Or puts the cheek of modesty to shame.

[To be concluded.]

For the Polyanthos.

THE RIDDLE.—A NEW SONG.

I am but a baby,
I'm oftentimes told,
A sweet little bantling,
Five thousand years old:
My nectar 's a tear,
My ambrosia's a sob;
I go with a frown,
And I come with a throb.
My sweet little misses, pray don't you all know me?
I am sure, if you did, you would hasten unto me.

I speak with a smile,
And I whisper a sigh,
I lodge in the heart,
And I peep through the eye;
I dwell in a dimple,
I play in the hair,
I ride the bosom
Whene'er I come there.
My sweet little misses, pray don't you now know me?
I am sure, if you did, you would hasten unto me.

I covet the dark,
Like an owl or a bat;
I rove like a bee
And I sting like a gnat;
I've wings like an eagle,
And though I am blind,

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I've a a plaguy sharp eye
To spy a girl's mind.

Then say, little misses, pray don't you now know me?
I am sure, if you did, you would hasten unto me.

Desire is my name,
And Hope is my mother,
Occasion's my friend,
And I don't want another.
I live at the sign
Of the arrow and dove,
My nick-name is Friendship,
My true name is Love.

Then now, pretty misses, since all of you know me,
Come make no more fuss, but all hasten unto me.

COLLINA.

For the Polyanthos.

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS CHARLOTTE CALDWELL,

AN IMPROMPTU.

Death! Thou fell tyrant of this fleeting hour,
Who from thy unrelenting grasp is free?
At thy chill touch the fairest human flower
Blasts, fades, and withers, like the autumnal tree.

If ought could rescue from thy arm, O Death,
Sure virtues, to no other e'er assign'd,
Had given to Charlotte an immortal breath,
Nor left her friends to wretchedness consign'd.

But know, vain tyrant, that thy arm is weak:
The trump shall sound, and Charlotte shall appear;

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Then thou shalt die, while she, with joy replete,
From weeping friends "shall wipe off every tear."

Yes, sweet, lamented maid, we part awhile;
Not death thy form shall utterly destroy;
For that wan frame and thy last languid smile
Shall rise to beauty and immortal joy.

COLLINA.

For the Polyanthos.

THE REELING ROSCIUS.—AN EPIGRAM.

Tom Rantum, a buck and a comical dog, [grog,
With his heart full of glee and his head full of
One eve to the play-house, in good sailing trim,
With a swing and a hiccough went reeling ripe in.
Tom collar'd poor P*****, and swore he 'd engage
Some devilish high-go to act on the stage.
"Your Bernard 's a quiz, and your Twaits is a hum,
Let ME go on the stage, and I'll show the house fun."
The manager, seeing Tom Rantum's gay trim,
With this smooth civil speech thought to humour his whim:
"What characters, sir, will you purpose to act?
I must know what you 'll play before we contract."
Play!—D—me—your question is cursed uncivil!
Play?—hickup — Play?—hickup — Why I 'll play the DEVIL —— S.

THE LAWYER.

Professions will abuse each other:
The priest won't call the lawyer brother;

While Salkeld still beknaves the parson,
And says he *cants* to keep the farce on!
Yet will I readily suppose
They are not truly bitter foes,
But only have their pleasant jokes,
And banter, just like other folks,
As thus; for so they quiz the Law!
Once on a time the attorney Plaw,
A man, to tell you as the fact is,
Of vast chicane, of course of practice,
(But what profession can we trace
Where *some* will not the corps disgrace?
Seduced, perhaps, by roguish client,
Who tempts him to become more pliant,)
A notice had to quit the world—
And from his desk at length was hurl'd!
Observe, I pray, the plain narration:—
'T was in a hot and long vacation,
When time he had, but no assistance,
Though great from courts of law the distance,
To reach the court of Truth and Justice,
(Where I confess my only trust is:)
Though here below the learned pleader
Show'd talents worthy of a leader,
Yet his own fame he must support,
Be sometimes witty with the court,
Or work the passions of a jury
By tender strains, or full of fury,
Misleads them all, though twelve apostles,
While with new law the judge he jostles,
And makes them all give up their powers
To speeches of at least three hours!
But we have left our little man,
And wander'd from our purpos'd plan:—
'T is said, without ill-natur'd leaven,
"If ever lawyers get to heaven,
It surely is by slow degrees:"
Perhaps 't is slow they take their fees!

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The case, then, now I'll fairly state;
Flaw reach'd at last to heaven's high gate:
Quite spent, he rapp'd,—none did it neater;
The gate was open'd by St. Peter,
Who look'd astonish'd when he saw,
All black, the little man of law!
But charity was Peter's guide,
For having once himself denied
His Master, he would not o'erpass
The penitent of *any class*;
Yet never having heard there enter'd
A lawyer, nor of one that ventur'd
Within the realms of Peace and Love,
He told him, mildly, to remove—
And would have clos'd the gate of day,
Had not old Flaw in suppliant way,
Demurring to so hard a fate,
Begg'd but to look though through the gate.
St. Peter, rather off his guard,
Unwilling to be thought too hard,
Opens the gate to let him peep in:—
What did the lawyer?—did he creep in;
Or dash at once to take possession?
Oh no—he knew his own profession:
He took his hat off with respect,
And would no gentle means neglect;
But, finding it was all in vain
For him admittance to obtain,
Thought it were best, let come what will,
To gain *an entry* by his skill;
So, while St. Peter stood aside,
To let the door be open'd wide,
He skimm'd his hat with all his strength
Within the gates to no small length!
St. Peter star'd; the Lawyer ask'd him
"Only to fetch his hat,"—and pass'd him;
But when he reach'd the *Jack* he 'd thrown,
Oh, then was all the lawyer shown!

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He clapp'd it on; and, arms a-kimbo,
As if he 'd been the gallant Bembo,
Cried out, "What think you of my plan?—
Eject me, Peter, if you can!"

THE HIGH-CROWN'D HAT:

A PINDARICK STORY.

Good pious reader, no offence I hope!
Though a church tale be mine, 'tis not profane;
I scorn to satirize e'en Turk or Pope,
Or saints of Drury or of Warwick Lane.

Once an old woman, (as I've heard the story)
Resolving she'd no more a heathen live,
Would of her piety example give,
So drest herself for church in all her glory.

'T was in the country—Reader, pray mark that—
Where seldom folks disguise their native faces;
Yet the old lady had a high-crown'd hat
She thought would mightily call forth the graces.

How old might be this venerable relick
The muse not guesses; but thus much can tell,
When Cromwell ruled the roast with cant angelick,
Hats of that sort look'd very well,
Were quite the mode, and since ten times I ween
In London have the tip-top fashion been;
But in the country 't is another thing;
There people wear their clothes to keep them warm,
In russet brown as fine as any king;
Though not quite fashionable, where's the harm?

Yet was this hat of dress a blazing comet,
A prodigy indeed,
Whence did such terrour-darting beams proceed,

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That few came near, but prayed deliverance from it.

Wits have short memories, or I should have said,
That honest Gammer was not deeply read;
In fact, she had not master'd A, B, C,
(Called Alphabet by some, as much to seek
In their own language as in Greek)
Nor held of literary door the key;
Yet, sooth to say,
She just as able was to read as pray.
The church not occupies a rustick's brain,
He goes just to be christen'd, to be wed,
And thither carried by his friends when dead;
At other times he thinks attendance vain,
Nor goes five miles in house of prayer to sleep,
But naps it out at home, or counts his sheep.
And our old lady had not seen the place
Since there the priest threw water in her face;
Nor what to do, when she to church was come,
Knew, she declared, *no more than Pope of Rome!*

Well, Sunday came; and clad in all her best,
Away to church she hied with lofty crest;
But since old age must hobble, and not run,
Ere she got there was Litany begun.
As stately down the aisle she made her way,
Her figure drew full many a staring eye;
And many a gaping mouth forgot to pray,
As she passed by!
Nay, Piety itself would look askance,
To see this strange phenomenon advance.

Alternate with the priest, the pious crowd
With one accord twang'd out responses loud,
Which our old Gammer heard with admiration,
But could not guess what meant this exclamation;
For, though some bawled amain, and some but mutter,d,
"Good Lord, deliver us," was all they utter'd.

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At length the devil whisper'd in her ear,
'T was at her high-crown'd hat that all this noise
Was made by men and women, girls and boys,
And was an insult far too gross to bear.
Now did she pass a buxom damsel by,
Who, raising from her book a roguish eye,
Pronounc'd "Good Lord, deliver us," in a tone
The old woman thought might vex a very stone.

Anger betrays us from the paths of grace,
Nor pays respect to persons, time, or place;
So honest Gammer, like with rage to burst,
Exclaims, "Indeed! your impudence be curst;
Good Lord, deliver us! heigh? you giggling
w——e,
Did you ne'er see a high-crown'd hat before!"

Say, reader, art thou apt to take offence,
Quarrel and squabble on each slight pretence;
Fretful and jealous, thinking every tongue,
Which names thee not, yet means to, do thee
wrong?
Look at thyself—If so, my story's pat,
Thou 'rt the old woman in the high-crown'd
hat. [*Lon. Oracle.*]

THE CHOICE.

MIRANDA, fair as opening day,
With eyes of heavenly blue,
And lips as sweet as new mown hay,
One morn tripp'd o'er the dew;
Her steps towards the garden bent,
To view her fragrant flowers,
For thither led by young Content,
She 'd pass some happy hours.

That morn a beau was by her side,
Who sought her heart to move;

But she, of innocence the pride,
Had never thought of love.
To mark the beauties, Nature's claim,
Was all her wish and care;
And thus, to turn his amorous flame,
She spoke with sprightly air:

"Come! tell me whether you admire
These charming flowers so gay;
And which of them you'd most desire,
Roses or *tulips*, pray?"
"Your *roses*, Ma'am," the beau replied,
"Are charming to my eyes;
But then—" poor Amoroso sigh'd—
"Your *two-lips* most I prize!"

THE DRAMA.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL.

From the *Theatrical Recorder*, a work of great merit, published by T. Holcroft, London, we select the following paragraphs:

A riot that threatened serious consequences happened at the Haymarket Theatre on the evening of August 15. Among the pieces advertised by Mr. Dowton, for his benefit, was The Tailors; or, A Tragedy for Warm Weather: a piece, written as some say by Foote, others say not, and at which the body of men, who suppose themselves ridiculed in it, have continually taken offence and been repeatedly riotous.

Previous to opening the doors, they assembled to the number of seven hundred, as it is said, and dispersed themselves, chiefly

in the gallery, or the pit; the journeymen above, and the masters below. Such was the noise they made, that, not a syllable could be heard till nine o'clock. Messrs. Palmer and Elliston, who appeared to ask what was their pleasure, were hissed off. Mr. Dowton then came and assured the audience the Tailors should be withdrawn, and the Village Lawyer performed in its stead, while written bills were distributed in every part of the house to the same purport, so that this information was given both within doors and without. All was in vain.

Mr Dowton appeared once more, and a penknife was thrown at him, from the galleries: it is to be hoped it was not open, for such an act would be too atrocious! it exceeds belief! He offered, however, a reward of twenty pounds to those who should apprehend the offender. Constables were called in, and, under the authority of Mr. Graham, magistrate and manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, several of the rioters were secured. Their spirits were daunted by the arrival of a detachment of horse-guards, and it is said fifty of them were conveyed away in coaches. The passages to the theatre were impeded, till the constables and guards received their orders.

During the performance of Katherine and Petruchio, the audience frequently called for The Tailors, and were assured that it should be given, provided the scene between the Tailor and Petruchio did not create fresh

disturbance. At length the piece in contention was attempted, but when the curtain drew up the confusion again became extreme: loud vociferations, whistles and yells were heard and the strongest opposition became manifest. The constables were however so judiciously stationed, that about twenty other persons were taken into custody, and peace in a measure restored. Happily there were no accidents.

Without in the least examining the question, whether it be liberal or allowable to ridicule a body of men, it is obvious that by applying the ridicule to themselves they give it tenfold force. Beside, supposing it all to be wrong, one wrong action will not justify another: much less could a wrong of a trifling, and even of a laughable nature, afford the least excuse for mischief, so serious as that which is likely to result, where not only the civil force but the military are called in for publick safety. These men were surely not aware of the dreadful evils which they provoked.

The particulars of the above account were extracted from the Morning Chronicle, the editor not having been himself at the theatre. Further information was contained in the same paper the next day: it was not a penknife, but a pair of scissars and a thimble, that were thrown at Mr. Dowton. A tailor throwing his thimble to revenge himself is highly ludicrous.

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Threatening letters had been sent to Mr. Winston, a proprietor of the theatre, asserting that 17,000 tailors would assemble, and ten thousand more be held in readiness. One of these letters was signed *Death*. Several others also were sent to Mr. Dowton; some of them anonymous, and some with signatures. A man, named Riley, brought his letter himself, and uttered many threats, with insolent language.

Miss Fisher, the celebrated *Roscia*, is performing at Gloucester, who, if we may believe the Gloucester *Herald*, as much exceeds Master Betty as Master Betty does Garrick —*Probably so.*

Miss Fisher, the young Roscia, appeared at Gloucester, in the character of Richard III. where her performance, it is said, "drew down the most unbounded plaudits from a very crowded audience." The versatility of this young female's talents is represented to be such as to *surpass* the bounds of probability, and to approach *very near the verge of impossibility!!* The part of Cowslip, which she sustained in the farce on the above evening, with the greatest *eclat*, she is stated "never to have seen till three o'clock that afternoon, and the publick may rely on the fact, that it was learned, without assistance, during her ride from Cheltenham to Gloucester."

[*Chester Chronicle.*]

Masquerade. An English masquerade may perhaps be described in some such manner as a horse race. The latter we are told con-

sists simply in *There they go*, and *Here they come*; and the former, as to its wit, is principally composed of *I know you!—Do you know me?—Ha! ha! ha!* The masquerade given at the king's theatre on the 13th Feb. was of course not wanting in this distinguishing quality of *British liveliness* and *gaite de cœur*. John Bull, more renowned however for putting good things into his mouth than for letting them out, *at a short notice*, made up for his inertness in the last by his keen activity in the first, when, at the usual hour, a plenteous supper afforded a fair field for the exercise of his peculiar talent, and the gratification of his peculiar *taste*. [*Mirror.*]

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Cooper has been performing his principal characters at Norfolk.

The season at New-York is about closing. Mr. Twaits has for some time been so afflicted with asthmatick complaints, as to be unable to rest on a bed. Master Barret has appeared twice in the character of Young Norval.

The Providence theatre, under the management of Mr. Harper, will be opened in a short time.

The Boston company have not found their excursion to Portsmouth very profitable.

Mr. Rannie, the ventriloquist, of slight-of-hand memory, is manager of the *American Theatre* at New-Orleans!

LITERARY NOTICES.

Original Poems, by Thomas G. Fessenden.—He must be "a very grave man," who would not laugh "sans intermission an hour by the dial," at Mr. Fessenden's Jonathans and Tabithas, his Pepper-pots and Squibs, his Rustick Revels and Delicate Ditties. Nor will the more serious reader be disappointed in perusing this volume: It contains some pieces, which show that the author is willing sometimes to gratify the man of sober reflection as well as the lovers of *fun*.—For sale by W. Andrews, No. 1 Cornhill.

Aikin's Letters.—It was our intention to have given this month a review of Aikin's Letters, with some extracts from the work on the characters and writings of the English poets. On looking it over in order to mark some passages for transcription, we find that an analysis of the work cannot be given without transcribing more than the limits of the Polyanthos will admit. We therefore dismiss the subject, after recommending it once more to our youthful friends, as a work, the attentive perusal of which cannot fail to afford a *dollar's worth* of amusement and instruction.—For sale at the Boston Bookstores, and by Thomas & Whipple, Newburyport.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, a Poem, by Walter Scott, Esq.; another *dollar's worth* of amusement, may be had at the Bookstore of John West, No 75 Cornhill. "This poem is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland. The story is put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel supposed to be the last of the race. The date of the tale itself is about the middle of the fifteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished."

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The Sabbath, a Poem, by James Grahame, has been lately published, and is for sale by O. C. Greenleaf, Court-Street.

We learn with pleasure that the dramatick works of Mr. Dunlap are nearly ready for delivery. In a cause so interesting to American literature and to the American stage, it is to be hoped patronage will not slumber. If foreign plays are printed, sold, and reprinted in America, where is patriotism, that the exertions of native genius are discountenanced and discouraged? Where sleeps the publick spirit, which gives the literature of its country to lumber the shelves of the bookseller? And why is native genius allowed to waste itself in obscurity, when editions of foreign publications are multiplied in our cities? 'From the situation of Mr. Dunlap,' says the elegant editor of the Port Folio, 'as a man of letters, a man of no fortunes, and one of the earliest votaries of the dramatick muse in America, his works not only solicit, but deserve, the regard of all, who value themselves upon their zeal for the productions of domestic literature.'

[*Thespian Mirror.*]

EDITOR'S NOTES.

We must decline the favours of *Solon*, as we have seen the same essays, in a much better form, in a work edited by Dr. Mavor.

Psyche, *the lass of Briar Hill*, we hope will not neglect us another month.

Collina is requested to continue her contributions to our miscellany.

We have not complied with the request of *Thomas Townly*—we have neither published his verses, nor committed them to the flames; but keep them for a present to *My Lord Dexter*, to be inserted in the next edition of his "Pickle for the knowing ones."

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GEN. WAYNE.

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

JULY, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
MAJOR-GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

Hark! through yon western wilds what means that noise?
Why yell fierce tawny tribes their savage joys?
Why droops Columbia o'er that trophied grave?
Ah! Death has conquer'd—'tis for Wayne the brave!
Death! round thy brows fresh wreaths of laurel twine,
A brighter conquest, Tyrant, ne'er was thine!
Long he defied thee, in the arduous fight,
He launched thy javelins and excelled thy might.
At Stony Point he scorned thy threatening form,
Like thundering Jove he poured the blazing storm,
Nor clad in horrours, could thy ruthless train,
Appal his breast on dark Miami's Plain,
When from their forests, frantick with their rage
They dared the intrepid warriour's host engage.
Yet why thy boast?—to thee 'twas only given
To send the hero to his native heaven.
He lives, he shines an angel in the sky!
The Patriot Chief, the brave can never die!

FROM the history of a venerable Pilgrim and founder of our nation, we turn to that of an illustrious Patriot, an asserter and guardian of our independence. In bringing

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forward the Portrait of General Wayne, we cannot but regret that more ample materials for his biography are not to be found. The most circumstantial history of his life that we have seen, and from which the following sketch is principally copied, was published in the *Polar Star*, a paper printed at Boston about the beginning of the year 1797.

ANTHONY WAYNE, major-general in the army of the United States, was born in the county of Chester, state of Pennsylvania, in 1745. His grand-father was a captain at the battle of Boyne, under king William, and was greatly distinguished for his attachment to the principles of liberty. The father of our general, was a respectable farmer in the above-mentioned county, which he served for many years in the house of assembly of Pennsylvania, before the revolution. In 1773, his son succeeded as representative for the county. It was in this year, eventful indeed, that he began his career as a patriot and friend of the rights of man. He took an active part in all the measures of the assembly that year, which were opposed to the unjust claims of Great-Britain; and in conjunction with John Dickinson, Thomas Mifflin, Edward Biddle, Charles Thompson, and a few other gentlemen, prepared the way for the decided and useful part, which Pennsylvania, afterwards took in the American revolution. He quitted the councils of his country in 1775, for the more arduous task

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of leading a few untutored troops to the field. His first entrance into the army was in the commission of colonel; and in his native county, his name, in a few weeks raised a regiment. At the close of this year, he accompanied general Thompson to Canada. Here he was soon brought to action, and in the defeat of general Thompson, he behaved with a great degree of bravery, and was extremely useful in saving a great proportion of the army, by the judicious manner in which he conducted their retreat, after the general was made prisoner. In this battle, our colonel received a slight wound in his leg. He served under general Gates, in the campaign of 1776, at Ticonderoga. The general esteemed him highly, not only on account of his courage, and other military talents, but for his knowledge as an engineer. It has repeatedly been remarked of him, that his eye was almost equal to a measure, in judging of heights and distances; this was a talent of great importance in an officer. At the conclusion of this campaign, he was made a brigadier-general.

In the campaign of 1777, he bore a very active part. He fought at Brandywine, and retarded the progress of the British army for a long time, in crossing Chad's-Ford. He likewise fought at Germantown, and at the Paoli, on the Lancaster road. In the last of these battles he had a separate command, and although he was defeated his un-

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paralleled coolness and intrepidity, in the midst of a most bloody scene, finally raised his character above censure, and added a great degree of merit to the American arms.

In that ever memorable battle and victory over the British forces, at Monmouth, our gallant general took an active part; and the same year, distinguished himself by a bold attack on a block-house on the North-River. This attack was rendered unsuccessful, according to the account given of it by general Washington, in his letter to congress, only by the intemperate valour of his troops.

He greatly distinguished himself by surprising and storming Stony-Point, in 1777. In order to effect this business, he found it absolutely necessary to march his army several miles, in the middle of the night, through a deep and almost impassable morass. When he had commenced his attack upon the fort, he was knocked down by a ball which grazed his head. He lay for some time, to all appearance dead; but soon after, rose so far, as to be able to rest on one knee. He thought himself mortally wounded, and cried out to one of his aids, "carry me forward, and let me die in the fort." When he had entered it, he gave orders to stop the effusion of blood by the sword, and to make the garrison prisoners of war. This was a humane, generous act, and the more so, because the garrison consisted of some of the troops, who had put all to the bayonet they could come across, at the battle of Paoli.

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In 1781, he bore an active part in the campaign which reduced the army of lord Cornwallis to the necessity of surrendering prisoners of war. General Washington thought proper, after this event, to send him to conduct the war in Georgia; and it was in that state, that his prudence, courage, and military skill, were amply tried. He contended with equal success, with British soldiers, Indian savages, and American traitors; and it was not long before he established peace and liberty to that then distracted state. The legislature of Georgia, as a reward for his eminent services, made him the present of a very valuable farm. At the conclusion of the war, he retired to private pursuits. He was a member of the Pennsylvania convention, in 1787, and one of those that signed that instrument, which declared the present constitution of the United States to be part of the supreme law of the land.

He accepted the command of the American army to be employed against the Indians, in 1792, who had carried on, for several years, a successful and desolating war upon our frontiers. In this situation, his military genius broke forth with accumulated lustre. He created and disciplined an army, and by uniting in his system of tacticks, Indian stratagems with civilized bravery, he led on his troops to victory, over numerous and confederated tribes, and thereby, in a single day, gave peace to our country.

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He died on the 15th of Dec. 1796, at Presque-Isle, of an acute disease, in the service of his country.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 4.

The Sabbath—continued from page 181.

THE author proceeds to the description of objects which present themselves on the sabbath eve,

——— when low the sun
Sinks through the upland copse.

He observes that disinterested virtuous conduct is to be found chiefly in the lower walks of life.

Look not for virtuous deeds
In history's arena, where the prize
Of fame or power prompts to heroick acts.
Peruse the lives themselves of men obscure:—
There charity, that robs itself to give,
There fortitude in sickness nurs'd by want,
There courage that expects no tongue to praise,
There virtue lurks, like purest gold deep hid,
With no alloy of selfish motive mix'd.

He recommends the rich to devote a portion of the sabbath day to the duty of visiting and consoling the sick. The invocation to health and musick, is a fine passage—

O Health! thou sun of life, without whose beam
The fairest scenes of nature seem involv'd
In darkness, shine upon my dreary path
Once more; or, with thy faintest dawn, give hope
That I may yet enjoy the vital ray!
Though transient be the hope, 'twill be most sweet,
Like midnight musick, stealing on the ear,
Then gliding past, and dying slow away.
Musick! thou soothing power, thy charm is prov'd,
Most vividly when clouds o'ercast the soul,—
So light displays its loveliest effect
In low'ring skies, when thro' the murky rack
A slanting sunbeam shoots, and instant limns
Th' ethereal curve of seven harmonious dyes,
Eliciting a splendour from the gloom;
O Musick! still vouchsafe to tranquillize
This breast perturb'd; thy voice, tho' mournful, soothes;
And mournful ay are thy most beauteous lays,
Like fall of blossoms from the orchard boughs—
The autumn of the spring.

The Poem concludes with the following beautiful lines—

—— He who said to Lazarus, *Come forth*,
Will, when the Sabbath of the tomb is past,
Call forth the dead, and re-unite the dust
(Transform'd and purified) to angel souls.
Extatick hope! belief! conviction firm!

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How grateful 'tis to recollect the time
When hope arose to faith! Faintly at first
The heavenly voice is heard; then by degrees
Its musick sounds perpetual in the heart.
Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long
Has dwelt in city crowds, wandering a field,
Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring
Unfolds the daisy's bud, delighted hears
The first lark's note, faint yet, and shoot the song,
Check'd by the chill ungenial northern breeze;
But, as the sun ascends, another springs,
And still another soars on loftier wing,
Till all o'erhead, the joyous choir unseen,
Pois'd welkin-high, harmonious fills the air,
As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven.

Four short poems are added to the volume, entitled *Sabbath Walks*, bearing the names of the Four Seasons. As we have room for but one more extract, we take the concluding paragraph of the Winter Sabbath Walk:

But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell.
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the glassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heap'd by the blast, fills up the shelter'd glen,

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While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill,
Mines for itself a snow-cov'd way! O, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drifts away:
—So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimm'd with showers: then to the pastures green
He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
The stream of life, the Shiloah of the soul.

For the Polyanthos.

AMORVIN: A TALE.

Zador was the favorite of the Sultan, and the idol of the people; crowds of sycophants had vied with each other in their flatteries, and not one man of truth had said to Zador "Power is precarious, and death certain; awake then from the intoxication of the *first*; be truly wise, and prepare for the *last*." The thunder-bolt fell, at last, on the head of the unfortunate. The Sultan, misled by the suggestions of envy, commands an officer to bring him the head of Zador; but Zador

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escaped, leaving all his treasure behind, except the richest, his only son. In the valley of Arratt he found repose; there, far from the splendour of ambition, the poison of flattery, and the hurry of business, his mind received, with transport, the irradiations of truth, and his heart returned to its original rectitude. There, while he surveyed the rustick labourers, leading their flocks to pasture, or gathering the fruits of autumn, he taught his son to bow with gratitude to the power, whose mercies are infinite as his works are glorious. "Behold, my son," would he say, "behold this peaceful valley; the earth, rich and fruitful, courts the hand of industry. Behold the peasants, strong with toil, and cheerful in innocence; they rise, in the morning, light and gay, to their labour, and at night, lie down to sweet repose, unknown to the palaces of kings. There, care strews the silken couch with thorns; sensuality poisons the sparkling cup; mad ambition tortures the soul; and the minion of luxury, goaded by conscience, and harassed by fear, seeks repose on silk and down in vain, while pleasure eludes his grasp. My son, be wise by thy father's experience, and let these mountains be the boundaries of the world to thee: let no pleasure seduce thee to stray beyond their limits. In this valley are peace, innocence and plenty; believe thy father; the earth contains nothing more nearly allied to happiness." The an-

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gel of death closed the eyes of Zador; and while Amorvin wept over the grave of his father, he vowed to remember his precepts. Amorvin had now lost his companion, his instructor! His tasks, which before were pleasant, became laborious. In the stillness of the night, he listened, in vain, for the voice of his father, and the rising sun found him bathing his pillow with tears.

The purple mists of evening floated on the sides of the mountains that encircled the valley, when Amorvin sought the recesses of a grove, there at once to hide and to indulge his grief. Insensible to all around him, and unmindful of his way, he pressed forward, with a quick and eager step; darkness, unheeded, enveloped his path, and he slackened not his pace till the roar of a torrent made him start from his reverie, and he beheld the white foam of the dashing water close at his feet. He looked downward, and perceived, by the faint light of the stars, that he stood on a shelving rock, half way up the precipice, down which the thundering cataract made its way to the plain. Struck with the danger of the path he had trodden, and of his present situation, Amorvin stood for a moment, motionless with terrour. To return, while the darkness of night continued, was impossible, and where he stood, the spray of the torrent formed a constant shower. With infinite labour and danger, he made his way to a small cavern, a little

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higher up the precipice, and there stretched on the cold and humid rock, he soon forgot his personal inconveniences, in the superiour sufferings of his mind. Nature was at length wearied, and he sunk to sleep, nor awoke, till the sun-beams began to illumine the valley beneath. Amorvin cast his eyes downward and beheld the rivulets sparkling in the morning beam, the meads glittering with dew, and bright in new sprung verdure: he heard the bleating of the flocks, and the warbling of the birds, yet his heart was insensible to their charms. With the impatience of misery, he wished to fly from the spot, once so dear to his heart, but the counsels of his father recurred to his memory and his thoughts with confusion. "Alas," exclaimed he, "why am I doomed to remain in a state of endless regret, which no variety occurs to dissipate; and where I can seek no refuge from sorrow, in interesting employments. I feel within me, powers of thought and action, that want but opportunity to ripen into honour and fame. Why then should I stay here? to live and die in obscurity? My father! I revere thy precepts, but, alas! peace is no longer to be found in the valley of Arratt, and I may leave it, without a breach of duty." So saying, he arose, and with the hurried pace of desperation, pursued his way to the top of the mountain, intending to descend into the plain, and from thence to seek the city of Bagdat,

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where he hoped to find the happiness he had lost. The sun was sinking in the west, when spent with fatigue he threw himself on the ground, under a tree. Suddenly a dark cloud overspread the heavens, and a peal of thunder shook the earth. The cloud opened, and a form of radiant beauty descending, caught Amorvin by the hand, and with the rapidity of lightning, conveyed him through the air. Sense forsook him, and on recovering, he found himself in the midst of a populous city, which glittered with all the magnificence of the east; he gazed around with insatiable curiosity, and eager delight. He traversed the spacious streets, and admired the graceful architecture, costly ornaments, and towering height of the buildings, and night closed around him, before he recollected that he had not where to lay his head. After some time spent in search, he found a shed filled with straw, and composed himself to sleep. His repose, however, was short for he was awakened by two men, who said they belonged to the grand visier, and that he must follow them to prison. Resistance was vain, and Amorvin, trembling, followed his conductors to a place, where several other persons were confined: these persons were such as Amorvin had never before seen. He looked with astonishment at features, deeply marked by vice and misery; and heard with horrour, execrations, which in the valley of Arratt were unknown. The night

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was past in an agony of suspense, and the morning brought an order from the visier, commanding the prisoners to be brought forth; and they were accordingly conducted in chains to the hall of audience. Amorvin, though disturbed and astonished, felt the dignity of conscious innocence, and when the officer presented him to the visier, as a suspicious vagrant, his serene and modest air, and the open firmness of his countenance, spoke at once in his favour. The visier surveyed him with attention and an air of severity. "Young man," said he "you are to give an account of yourself, of your business in this city, and why you omitted to attend the office, where all strangers are required to enter their names, on pain of being treated as spies. If you answer truly, and are found innocent, you are free, but falsehood we punish with death." "Commander of the faithful," said Amorvin, "what you require of me is easy; I am Amorvin, the son of Zador, once the servant of the sultan. My residence is in the valley of Arratt, and yesterday I left the valley, because, since the death of my father, I have been unhappy, and I wished to seek in variety, oblivion, if not peace. I am ignorant of the world, and knew not what was required of strangers, and I slept in a shed, because I could not procure other shelter, without money." The visier, whose air at first was haughty and severe, extended his hand to the youth, and drew him nearer,

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gazing earnestly in his face. "Yes," he cried, "thou art indeed the son of Zador restored to his people in mercy, for who but the son of Zador, shall emulate his virtues?" The youth, who before had been agitated with different emotions, was now overwhelmed with astonishment. The visier, having ordered his chains to be struck off, conducted him to his closet, where he informed him that the sultan had never ceased to regret the weak credulity, which had proved so fatal to Zador, whose counsels had supported him against his enemies, and taught him the true interests of his people; Zador, whose name was a terrour to the wicked, and a refuge to the good. A few days since, continued the visier, the sultan ordered an edict to be published, importing that if Zador would return, he should be received with favour, and all his riches and honours restored; but if Zador should be dead, the same grace was offered to his son, and thou, O fortunate youth, art so true an image of thy father, that it is impossible to doubt thy truth! Amorvin was presented to the sultan, and received with kindness. Riches and honours were heaped upon him; his vestments were of silk, adorned with jewels; a royal palace was his residence; a thousand slaves watched the motion of his eye, and the luxuries of the east were collected for his table. But Amorvin was temperate, and too virtuous to be subdued by sensuality. He wished to

diffuse the good he possessed; but to do good he must have power, and power was given him. The grand visier was assassinated by a desperate ruffian, and Amorvin was consoled for the loss of his friend, by the confidence of the sultan, and the possession of his favourite wish. Amorvin had applied himself to all the learning of the east, and was now eager to diffuse knowledge, to enact wholesome laws, to punish all idleness, deceit, and luxury, and to reward industry and virtue. But alas! how was he opposed on all sides. When he told the people that some of their customs were ridiculous and improper, and would have taught them better, the clamour of prejudice drowned the voice of reason, and forced him to give way; when he proposed new laws, the sultan frowned and replied, "*I am the law;*" when he would have rewarded merit, he found himself often deceived by pretenders, who snatched the boon from the truly deserving; but when he would have punished idleness, deceit, and luxury, the courtiers were alarmed for their safety, and formed a conspiracy to destroy him. A man, who had professed the greatest friendship for him, contrived to excite an insurrection in one of the provinces, and charged Amorvin with a design to dethrone the sultan. But the sultan, having been once deceived, was cautious, and pursued his investigation, till the innocence of Amorvin, and the wickedness of his enemies

were apparent. The chief of the conspiracy was condemned to a painful death, and Amorvin, who shuddered at the idea of causing the death of a fellow creature, in vain besought the sultan to pardon the offender. In the agony of distress he retired to his apartment, and throwing himself on his couch, covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed, "O wretched Amorvin! the wishes of thy heart are all gratified, and the result is misery. Surrounded by enemies, suspected, insulted, and the cause of guilt in others! ah vain and foolish man; now dost thou remember the counsels of thy father, and sigh for peace, and the valley of Arratt!" Scarce had he pronounced these words, when a clap of thunder shook the palace, and a ray of light stood before him. His countenance beamed with benignity and majesty; his robe of the purest white, fell in folds over his azure vest, his hair floated in ringlets over his shoulders, and a glittering tiara adorned his head. "Amorvin," said the genius, "thy prayers, and thy virtuous purposes are accepted, and the rashness of youth is forgiven. Thou hast seen, that in the courts of princes, not even virtue can shield thee from calamity; that happiness resides not with pomp or power, and that the man of virtue may be more useful in a village than in a palace. Remember the precepts of thy father, and adore the author of thy being." Thunder again shook the apart-

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ment; the genius vanished, and Amorvin found himself on the side of the mountain that overlooked the valley of Arratt. With a mind composed and thankful, he descended the hill, and seeking his old habitation, passed a life of piety and peace.

SELECT PASSAGES
FROM
The Letters of Robert Burns.

.....

RELIGION, my honoured friend, is surely a simple business, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich. That there is an incomprehensibly Great Being, to which I owe my existence, and that he must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery, and consequent outward deportment of this creature which he has made, these are, I think, self evident propositions. That there is a real and eternal distinction between virtue and vice, and, consequently, that I am an accountable creature; that from the seeming nature of the human mind as well as from the evident imperfection, nay, positive injustice in the administration of affairs, both in the natural and moral worlds, there must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave, must, I think, be allowed by every one, who will give himself a mo-

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ment's reflection. I will go farther and affirm, that from the sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrine and precepts, unparalleled by all the aggregated wisdom and learning of many preceding ages, though, *to appearance*, he himself was the obscurest and most illiterate of our species—Therefore Jesus Christ was from God!

Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it—this is my measure of iniquity. What think you, madam, of my creed?

RELIGION, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A strong persuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition so obviously probable, that setting revelation aside, every nation and people, so far as investigation has reached, for at at least 4,000 years, have in some form or other firmly believed it. In vain would we reason and pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch, but when I reflected that I was opposing the most ardent wishes and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct. I know not whether I have ever sent you the following lines, or if you have ever seen them, but it is one of my favourite quotations, which I keep constantly by me in my prog-

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ress through life, in the language of the book of Job:

Against the day of battle and of war,

spoken of religion.

'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright,
'Tis *this* that gilds the horrour of our night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels his dart;
Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies!

I SHALL transcribe you a few lines I wrote in an hermitage belonging to a gentleman in my *Nithsdale* neighbourhood. They are almost the only favours the muses have conferred on me in that country.

Thee whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in rustick weed;
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul.
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost.
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will ever lower.
Happiness is but a name,
Make *content* and *ease* thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam,
Fame an idle restless dream;
Peace the tenderest flower of spring,
Pleasures—insects on the wing!
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies their own:
Those that would the blossom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard wherever thou can'st guard;

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But thy number'd duty done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their *consequents* thy care;
Keep the name of *man* in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep his goodness still in view,
Thy trust, and thy example too.
Stranger, go! heaven be thy guide!
Quoth—the beadsman of Nithside.

O PRUGALITY! thou mother of ten thousand blessings—thou cook of fat beef and dainty greens!—thou manufacturer of warm Shetland hose and comfortable surtouts:—thou old housewife, darning thy decayed stockings with thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!—lead me, hand me in thy clutched, palsied fist, up those heights, and through those thickets hitherto inaccessible and impervious to my anxious weary feet: not those Parnassian crags, bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers of fame are breathless, clambering, hanging between heaven and hell; but those glittering cliffs of Potosi, where the all-sufficient, all-powerful deity wealth, holds his immediate court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny expoture of plenty and the hot walls of profusion produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exoticks in this world and natives of paradise! —Thou withered sylph, my sage conductress, usher me into the refulgent and adored pres-

ence!—the power splendid and potent as he now is, was once the puling nursling of thy faithful care and tender arms!—Call me thy son, thy cousin, thy kinsman, favourite, and adjure the God by the scenes of his infant years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger, or an alien, but to favour me with his peculiar countenance and protection! He daily bestows his greatest kindnesses on the undeserving and worthless—assure him that I bring documents of meritorious demerits! pledge yourself for me, that for the glorious cause of LUCRE, I will do any thing, be any thing,—but the horse-leech of private oppression, or the culture of publick robbery!

DRAMATICK BIOGRAPHY.

ABSTRACT OF THE LIFE OF GOLDONI.

BY T. HOLCROFT.

THIS author has himself written his life, in three small octavo volumes, which are prefixed to his works; at least to the edition printed at Venice, in 1788. That city gave him birth, in the year 1707: his father (a physician) and mother both inherited small fortunes; but the fortune of his father had been greatly impaired, and that of his mother and aunt lay chiefly at Venice. His parents were great lovers of theatrical exhibi-

tions, and particularly his grandfather, who had comedies and operas performed in his house, and actors, singers, and musicians, as his frequent guests. Children always imitate that which most amuses them, and that which they most frequently see. Goldoni, speaking of himself, says—"Among the comick authors, whose works I continually read, I preferred those of Cicognini." This Florentine, little known in the Republick of Letters, wrote many comedies, of much intrigue, intermingled with weeping pathos, and trivial humour: but they were very interesting; he having the art to excite suspense and give pleasure by the denouement. "To him, therefore, I was greatly attached, and studied him so much that, when eight years old, I had the temerity to draw the sketch of a comedy. My governess thought it very fine, my aunt jeered me, my mother reproved but at the same time kissed me, and my preceptor affirmed that it contained wit and common sense too great to have been hoped from such a child. As for my godfather, who had more gold than understanding, he could never believe the work to be mine, but affirmed it had been revised and corrected by my preceptor.

"The dispute on this subject became too warm, but was luckily interrupted by a third person, who was the Abbate Valle of Bergamo, a friend of the family, who had seen me working at my comedy, and had witnessed

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my flights and fancies. I had prayed him not to mention it. He silenced the disputants, and did me justice."

Goldoni says that, in the edition of his works printed by Pasquali, he had cited the name of the Abbate Valle, who was still living in the year 1770, in proof of this fact; thinking he might have more friends and relations, by whom it would not be believed. He further tells us this comedy, or rather this puerile attempt, was read by all the society who visited his mother.

After receiving a good education, Goldoni was induced by his parents to study the law: but, previous to this, Goldoni gives some anecdotes of himself that deserve to be known.

In the pope's dominions, women are not suffered to appear on the stage; and he had a principal woman's part given him to perform, with the prologue to speak. "This prologue was of so singular a kind," says Goldoni, "that I have never forgotten it: literature had become so corrupt that poetry and prose were alike subject to bombast: metaphor, hyperbole, and antithesis, held the place of common sense. This bad taste existed as late as the year 1720: the following is the manner in which I had to address my auditors—'Oh, most benignant Heaven, from the rays of your resplendent sun, you behold us, butterflies, who, on the feeble wings of our conception, take flight towards

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so beautiful a luminary." He adds, "this fine prologue produced a shower of comfits, with which the theatre was inundated, and I almost blinded; such being the common manner of giving applause in the states of the Pope."

Being at *Rimini*, where he was under the care of the professor *Candini*, Goldoni relates the manner in which he became acquainted with a company of comedians. Their season at Rimini was nearly over, and the Director, or Manager, informed him they were soon to remove to *Chiozza*, where they were to play a few days; and that they should afterward go to Venice. "To Chiozza!" exclaimed Goldoni: "my mother, whom I long to see, is at Chiozza." Hearing this, the comedians all loudly called, come! come with us, on board of our bark! You shall be well received and pay nothing; excepting by helping us to joke, laugh and sing. Such an invitation," adds Goldoni, "could not be refused. The day came, the comedians were ready, and, when they saw me, they began to cry Goldoni! Goldoni! Thus laughing, feasting, and caressing me, the sails were set, and farewell to Rimini."

Of the pleasures of this little voyage he gives an animated picture. On the fourth day, they arrived at Chiozza; and being fearful he had acted rashly, he entreated the Manager to accompany him to his mother. Being at her house, they entered, and Goldo-

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si remained in an anti-chamber, while the manager went and spoke to his mother. Signora, said he, I come from Rimini, and bring news of your son—Indeed? How does he do?—In perfect health—Is he happy? So so, Signora—What is the matter?—He longs to see his dear mother—Poor boy! I wish he were here! (I, says Goldoni, stood listening with a beating heart)—I offered to bring him here—And why did not he come, Signor?—Should you be glad to see him?—No doubt!—But his studies?—He may return to them: beside masters are every where to be procured—Then the sight of him would make you happy?—Beyond expression!—Behold him, Signora!

"Saying this, he opened the door; I ran into my mother's arms, and while she kissed me, tears would not suffer her to speak. This was a theatrical scene, to which the stage director was accustomed."

During the progress of his studies, Goldoni relates various adventures, interesting scenes, and critical situations, from which he sometimes escaped with difficulty. He was several times in danger from artful women, had once determined to become a Capuchin friar, was stimulated by his parents and friends to study the law, and enjoyed places of some diplomatick importance. The theatre excepted, the law appears to have been his most serious study; and, through the chief part of his life, he bore the appellation

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of the advocate Goldoni. His first and reigning inclination finally prevailed, and he devoted himself so entirely to the stage that the number of his dramatick works, in the edition of Venice already cited, is almost incredible. Tragedies and comedies in verse, comedies in prose, musical operas, farces, after-pieces, and interludes, amounting to little less than two hundred, beside those which it seems have never yet been printed, prove the fecundity of his mind, and the prodigious facility with which he wrote.

His chief labours were for the theatres at Venice: he excelled in the Venetian dialect, but, being ambitious to write pure Tuscan, he made many efforts to attain purity; and wrote many comedies to prove it attained, by the reading of which a foreigner, at least, is satisfied they were not written in vain. But on purity of diction, it very rarely happens that a foreigner can give a just opinion.

In the early part of life, he visited most of the chief cities of Italy, and while he attentively studied men and manners, could not fail to highly profit by these excursions. After the numerous pieces he had given to the Italian theatres, and particularly to those of Venice, he was pressingly invited, in the year 1760, to make a journey to Paris; for which city he departed, in April 1761, being greatly excited by curiosity, yet deeply regretting to quit the place at which he had gained so much fame. There was a compa-

ny of Italian players, at Paris, who were also desirous of better success, and who imagined it would be secured by the name and talents of Goldoni. It afterward, however, appeared that these hopes were not fully answered; but it also appears that the fault was not with the poet: it rather lay with the publick, who could not be expected to understand or enjoy comedies written in a foreign language, equal to those which were nightly before them, in their native tongue.

The genius of Goldoni, though repulsed was not subdued; for, while in Paris, he wrote a charming little comedy in French, called *Le Bourreau, Bienfaisant*, which not only gave infinite pleasure on its first appearance, but which still keeps and will long continue to keep its due rank upon the stage. To write a highly successful comedy in a foreign language affords an undeniable proof of superiour powers of mind.

A man like Goldoni could not fail to find protectors among the great, at Paris, where people of rank had long made it one source of gratification to notice and promote the interest of men whose literary abilities were in high esteem: he was recommended to the royal family, and many years remained preceptor in the Italian language to some of the princesses. I believe he never again visited his native country; but of this I do not speak with certainty; nor have I any document before me of the year in which he died. In

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the last chapter of his Memoirs, however, he says, "Behold me arrived at the year 1787, and the eightieth of my age." In the same chapter he tells us that, having been lately ill, Count Alfieri paid him a visit; and adds that Sophocles and Euripides were the models of this great poet. Of his own comedies he says—"The application which I gave to the writing of them was that which nature inspired." In the preceeding sentence he had indeed said—"I am much more indebted to nature than to study."

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

On some occasion, the late Mr. Sheridan the actor, was wantonly insulted on the stage at Dublin, to which he replied with spirit and propriety. A ring leader was so exasperated, by the reply, that he rushed behind the scenes, uttered the abuse which passion suggested, and received the chastisement which he deserved. Mr. Sheridan was indicted for an assault. No one in Dublin, supposed that a player would find support, not even in a court of justice, against a gentleman. This was a mistake; Lord Chief Justice Marley worthily presided, and would not suffer packed juries to be impanelled. Mr. Kelly was the plaintiff, and his abusive language being proved, the jury acquitted Mr. Sheridan, without leaving their box.

During the trial, he was called on the table, to answer questions, by an eminent, though not a well bred counsellor, in behalf of the plaintiff. "I want," said the lawyer, "to see a curiosity. I have often seen a gentleman soldier, and a gentleman tailor, but never yet a gentleman player." Without the least embarrassment, Mr. Sheridan modestly bowed and replied, "I hope, Sir, you see one now." A loud murmur of applause ran through the court, and the counsellor, impudent as he was, slunk to his seat and never asked another question.

The behaviour of Mr. Sheridan afterward is still more to his honour. This Mr. Kelly had foolishly imagined his gentility would be supported, and subscriptions raised to pay the fine of five hundred pounds, in which he was cast, for his conduct in the riot. He was wholly deserted, lay some time in confinement, and at last knew no better means than to solicit Mr. Sheridan, who immediately petioned government to relinquish the fine, and became himself solicitor and bail, to the court of king's bench, for the enlargement of the gentleman, Mr. Kelly.

In Paris, the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go the play one night, with only a *fille de chambre*, and to sit there. A young officer sat next her, was very free in his addresses, and, when the play was over, con-

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cluded by offering her a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into her carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring; when she called out, "Where is the supper you promised?" He bowed and replied, "In Paradise, we are all equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you, Madam, on earth." This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Duchess's carriage, and at her table.

THE actors of the French theatre were desirous that those of the Italian should speak nothing but French. The question was brought before Lewis XIV. and *Baron* and *Dominique* were appointed the advocates for each party. *Baron* was the famous actor, who had been educated by *Molière*; and *Dominique* was a no less famous Harlequin. When the former had ended his harangue, the king made a sign to *Dominique* to speak in his turn. After various harlequinade antics, he addressed himself to the monarch, and asked—"In what language does your majesty command me to speak?"—"Speak as you please," replied the king—"That is exactly what I wish," answered Dominique: "my cause is gained! I humbly thank your majesty." The king laughed heartily at be-

ing thus entrapped. "My word is given," said he; "it cannot be recalled."

It was long the custom in Italy, and is often still, to sketch the plot and incidents of a dramatick piece, and leave the actors to fill up the dialogue extempore. This was practised by the Italian company at Paris. *Harlequin Bouffon de Cour* was one of these pieces, and, when it appeared in 1716, gave much pleasure. The fable, or sketch given to the actors, was printed for the use of the ladies, who at that time were generally desirous to learn the Italian; so that it was customary for a lady to have an Italian master in her box, to interpret the dialogue, like as travellers in Italy take *Cicerois* to explain the antiquities of Rome.

After the representation of this piece, *Thomassin*, the famous Harlequin, came forward, and addressing the spectators in a jargon, half Italian half French, which was very pleasant as he spoke it, said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have read a little tale this morning, for now and then I take the whim of reading, which, with your permission, I will repeat in Italian; and those who understand will explain it to those who do not." He then, in a most comick manner, repeated the fable of *La Fontaine*, called *The Miller, his Son, and his Ass*, accompanied by most whimsical gesticulation: he alighted from the ass like the miller, mounted him like the boy,

trotted before them, assumed the different tones of reproach, with which the passengers are supposed to speak, and, having ended this humourous recital, added in French—"I come now, Ladies and Gentlemen, to the application. I am the miller, I am the boy, nay, and I am the ass. This critick commands, 'Harlequin, speak French! the ladies do not understand you, nor the gentlemen perhaps much better.' I bow, return thanks, turn on t'other side, and there I hear —'Harlequin, you ought never to speak French: you lose all your fire, all your humour; it will not do!'—You see how I am embarrassed! tell me, must I speak French, or must I speak Italian?" When he had ended, a person from the pit, who appeared to have collected the votes of the house, replied—"Speak what you please, you always give pleasure."

When the ballet of the death of Captain Cook was first brought forward at Covent-garden theatre, an apparently sea-faring man in the gallery, frequently annoyed those behind him, by repeatedly rising from his seat during the representation; the consequence of his great attention to the scene as passing. When the savage steals behind Cook, and lifts the dagger to strike the fatal blow, he rose with violent emotion, and cried out, "You damn'd villain, what are you about?" Then suddenly recollecting himself, he sat

down, and said to those around him—"I beg your pardon, gentlefolks; but this affects me, for I was with the Captain at the time."

ORIGIN AND ADVANTAGES OF HISTORY.

BY DR. MAVOR.

THE endeavour to perpetuate the memory of great and laudable actions, seems to have intruded itself even into the barbarism of the most savage and illiterate nations. The *Indians*, the *negroes*, who are now the most rude and unlettered tribes existing among mankind, are fond of registering the deeds of their distinguished countrymen; and by some symbolical representation or other, on trees and stones, or mounds of earth thrown up, or deep pit falls, they indicate the praises of some deserving chief, or the site of some remarkable action.

How productive of benefit to society, how conducive to order and harmony, is that amiable propensity, so strongly united to the soul of a thinking creature, to desire the applauses, and to thirst after the encomiums of our friends and associates! Wretches, destitute of this principle, who despise the good opinion of the world, whose hearts know not the raptures and exultations of receiving deserved praise, are prepared for the most des-

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perate and abandoned undertakings; careless whether they are remembered as the blessing, or as the curse of their fellow creatures.

The soul, in the reluctance it feels at the thought of the cessation of its activity, perceives, beside the blissful expectation of a future state of existence, no alleviating satisfaction equal to the hope of being remembered by posterity. Hence our avidity of doing or saying things worth remembrance, of *briguing*, as it were, for praise; nor, as before hinted, can there be a more rational and laudable desire. It is highly probable that mankind, even in their first patriarchal state, preserved, by such vehicles as were adapted to early ages, family memoirs, for the benefit of succeeding generations; that these, by contemplating the virtues or the vices of their ancestors, might strive to emulate their merits, or, on the contrary, to avoid and despise qualities that were destructive of peace and happiness. Several passages in the *sacred chronicle* seem to justify this conjecture, by allusions, often introduced into the mouths of speakers, to some remote act or event of the lives of their progenitors.

Before the invention of letters, the great and the powerful seem to have relied, for future praise and remembrance, upon massy and huge structures, expressive of the grandeur and potency of those who caused them to be erected. Hence the mighty works of

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Nebuchadnezzar and Semiramis: and hence those magnificent and awful edifices, the *pyramids*; edifices, that have survived the very names of their founders. At length, humanity and letters spread themselves over the face of the earth; and laid the basis of monuments still more durable; and the introduction of the excellent, the invaluable art of *printing*, made the communication of them to all ranks of people cheap and easy. From this source flow the refinements and embellishments that so remarkably distinguish modern from all preceding times.

Fame ceased now to be restrained to him who, with the hands of a thousand, still could build himself a name: like a confluent torrent, it burst its too narrow bounds, and diffused itself, in gentle streams, among all conditions of men. Since this auspicious period, every one has been permitted to become a candidate for glory; and vice in every situation, has been exposed to the scourge of reproach. Happy he, who feels, with one of the greatest of poets:

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all:
But if the purchase cost so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
Indignant let me scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none.

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History, as it is one of the most ancient, so it is one of the most improving sciences. Not only to the great, but to every one, it is an excitement to virtuous, and therefore, laudable actions; it is a kind of sea-mark to warn from the approach of the sands and shelves to which we are often exposed: it opens our minds; informs us what to seek, and what to shun; renders us conversable creatures, and fits us to be members of society.

The pleasure and entertainment of this study are equal to any thing that can be expressed. We seem to converse with our fathers; and to be in the very scene of action which the historian is describing: we rejoice and exult, we glow with passion, we melt into pity, we are filled with indignation and remorse, we shudder with horror, we are impatient to trace the hand of Providence to the catastrophe of affairs; and, in a private study, experience all the joys and tumults of life.

In order to understand and derive advantage from what we read, some judgment, however, and the observance of some rules, are always necessary; and never more so than when we read history. Great care should be taken, lest, from reading without attention, or from a wrong choice of historians, the mind be led to imagine only such and such things right, without giving fair quarter to another party or opinion. A per-

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son who sits down to this study, should divest himself of all prejudice and partiality; should enter upon his subject, unbiassed by any resentment or pique against any party or sect, whose actions he is going to scan; till, by comparing different accounts of the same persons or facts, his reason directs him where to settle his good opinion, or his dislike. Biography, which introduces us more minutely to the characters of the persons who have acted conspicuous parts in those events which the historian records, is extremely useful as a collateral study; and a knowledge of geography, and, indeed, an immediate reference to maps, is often necessary to render the pages that lie before us intelligible.

SELECTIONS
FROM CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER.

LADIES OF SWEDEN.

"THE Swedish ladies are, in general, remarkably well shaped, *en bon point*, and have a fair, transparent delicacy of complexion; yet, though the favourites of bountiful Nature, strange to relate, they are more disposed to conceal than display those charms which, in other countries, with every possible assistance, the fair possessor presents to the enraptured eyes to the best advantage. A long gloomy black cloak covers the beautiful

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Swede, when she walks, confounding all the distinctions of symmetry and deformity; and even her pretty feet, which are as neat and as well turned as those of a fine French woman, are seldom seen without the aid of a favouring breeze. Even the sultry summer has no influence in withdrawing this melancholy drapery: but I am informed that it is less worn now than formerly: often have I wished the silkworm had refused his contribution towards this tantalizing concealment; occasionally the streets of Stockholm displayed some bewitching seceders from the abominable habit. This custom arises from the sumptuary laws, which forbid the use of coloured silks."

AFFECTING STORY.

"After the burning of the Turkish fleets, near Tscheme, a beautiful young Russian lady, attended by an elderly lady, appeared at Leghorn; although she appeared without shew, or the means of making any, her society was much courted on account of the sweetness and accomplishments of her mind, the attractions of her person, and a certain air of majesty which particularly distinguished her. To some of her most confidential friends she communicated the fatal secret that she was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, by a private marriage, and that her pretensions to the throne of Russia were

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superiour to those of Catherine II. to whose suspicious ear the communication was imparted with uncommon celerity. Allured by the deceitful solicitations of a Russian officer, who was an agent of Count Orloff, who promised to espouse her cause, and to gain over the count, she came to Pisa in the beginning of the year 1775, where Alexey Orloff then resided in great magnificence, during the repairs of his fleet. Upon her arrival the count paid his respects to her with all the deference and ceremony due to a reigning sovereign, affected to believe her story, and promised to support her pretensions. At length, after appearing with her at every fashionable place during the carnival, and paying her the most marked and flattering attentions, he avowed, in the most respectful manner, a tender passion for her, and submitted to her the glittering prospect of her mounting with him the throne to which she was entitled. Intoxicated with the idea, she gave him her hand. A few days after the nuptials, the count announced a magnificent marine entertainment in honour of the marriage. The young personage proceeded to his ship with all imaginary naval pomp; as soon as she entered the cabin, gracious heaven, what a display of treachery was developed! Orloff upbraided her with being an impostor, and the more barbarously to degrade her, ordered her delicate hands to be fastened by handcuffs, which had been

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prepared for the purpose, and quitted the ship, which immediately sailed for Cronstadt, from whence she was brought to the fortress in a covered barge, where she was immolated, and never heard of more. It is supposed she was drowned in her dungeon, which was rather deep, during one of the inundations of the Neva."

CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN PEASANT.

"WHAT of good he has he owes to himself; his foibles, and they are few, originate elsewhere; he is the absolute slave of his lord, and ranks with the sod of his domains; if a lord, whose despotism is frequently more biting than the Siberian blast, never illumined by education, bruised by ignoble blows, the object and frequently the victim of baronial rapacity, with a wide world before him, this oppressed child of nature is denied the common right of raising his shed, where his condition may be ameliorated, *punished* only to toil in a distant district under the protection of that disgraceful badge of vassalage a *certificate of leave;* and, upon his return, compellable to lay the scanty fruits of his labour at the feet of his master; and finally, he is excluded from the common privilege which nature has bestowed upon the birds of the air, and the beasts of the wilderness, of chusing his mate: he must marry when and whom his master orders. Yet under all

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this pressure, enough to destroy the marvellous elasticity of a Frenchman's mind, the Russian is what I have depicted him. If the reader is not pleased with the portrait, the painter is in fault."

SELECTIONS

From Turnbull's Voyage round the World.

COURTSHIP.

"They," New-Hollanders, "observe no particular ceremony in their marriages, though their mode of courtship is not without its singularity. When a young man sees a female to his fancy, he informs her she must accompany him home; the lady refuses, he not only enforces compliance with threats, *but blows*; thus the gallant, according to the custom, never fails to gain the victory, and bears off the willing though struggling pugilist. The colonists for some time entertained the idea that the women were compelled and forced away against their consent; but the young ladies informed them, that this mode of gallantry was the custom, and *perfectly to their taste.*"

HOW TO CATCH FISH.—*To Parents.*

"Whilst the female child is in its infancy, they deprive it of the two first joints of the little finger of the right hand; the operation

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being effected by obstructing the circulation, by means of a tight ligature: the dismembered part is thrown into the sea, that the child may be hereafter *fortunate in fishing*."

OTAHEITAN LUXURY.

"When we killed any hogs, I generally contrived to reserve a part of the *offal* for the *royal family*."

ROYAL BEVERAGE, OR OTAHEITAN NECTAR.

"The ava or yava is a root of a hot intoxicating quality, and is thus prepared.—The root is well cleaned, and being split into small pieces, and *well masticated by some of the chief's attendants*, on whose *sobriety* dependance can be placed; the liquor *is discharged* into a wooden dish, and mixed up *by the finger*, with a due proportion of the milk of the cocoa nut or water, to adapt it to the palate. The compound is next strained through a number of cocoa-nut fibres, and served up in a small bowl of cocoa leaves, holding from a quartern to a half a pint. This precious beverage is then considered as a peculiarly *delicious treat for the royal family, and the great chiefs of the country*."

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MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

IRISH ANECDOTE.

THE inferiour class of people in Ireland have a peculiar quaintness and humour, truly characteristick; and which is often displayed to the infinite amusement of their hearers. When Lord Townshend, however, arrived there as lord lieutenant, he complained that he could not distinguish this particular quality, or the general dissimilarity of manners, of which he had previously heard a very entertaining account. The gentlemen around observed, that as his excellency never had any intercourse or spoke with the lower sort, he could not expect to be acquainted with their general manners: but advised him to converse personally with them, if he wished to form a correct opinion. His lordship, as a man of wit and whim, readily assented, and the same evening sallied forth *incog.* with several others. Passing along a quay, he went up to a man who was selling some trifles, and after conversing very affably for some time, and remarking on a highland regiment, then passing, bought what came to a few shillings. Having no silver, he pulled out his purse and requested change for a guinea. "For a guinea," exclaimed Pat, staring him full in the face, "Arrah, by Jasus, now, (pointing to the highlanders) you might as well ask one of them for a *pair of breeches!*"

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The smartness of the answer and the propriety of the instantaneous comparison, forcibly excited his lordship's risible faculties, and making Paddy a present of the guinea, he walked off to join his company.

MISTAKEN VANITY.

THE following anecdote is told by Lucian, in his treatise *against an ignorant man who bought a number of books*. When the Thracian Bacchanals tore Orpheus to pieces, they say his harp was thrown into the river, with his bleeding head upon it. While the head sung a lamentable elegy on the fate of its late proprietor, the harp touched by the wind, accompanied it with a solemn strain; till swimming down the Ægean sea, the mournful concert arrived at Lesbos. The Lesbians taking them up, buried the head in the spot where, in Lucian's time, stood the temple of Bacchus; and hung up the lyre in the temple of Apollo. Neanthus, the son of Pittacus the tyrant, who had heard the wonderful qualities of this harp, that it tamed wild beasts and moved even trees and rocks, and that, since the time of Orpheus, it had never been touched, had a violent desire to try its effects. With this view he bribed the priest who had it in keeping, to give it to him, and hang up one similar in its place. Neanthus wisely thought it was not proper to use it by day, nor in the city, lest he should bring the houses about his ears, but hiding it under his robe, went by night

to try it in the environs. Being quite ignorant of musick, he began scraping upon it at a strange rate, but with no small pride and satisfaction, as deeming himself the worthy heir of the musick of Orpheus. The town dogs, who I suppose were all turned loose into the streets at night, as is now the custom in Turkey, came to the sound in crowds. Neanthus in transport imagined, now the beasts had come, the other effects would follow, and looked sharp round to see if a rock or a tree were coming toward him dancing a minuet. Poor man! he was wofully deceived! The dogs had only come thinking the strange noise proceeded from a wolf or a wild hog; and enraged by the horrid din, tore its unfortunate author to pieces.

EMPIRICISM.

"*A gingerbread-baker* at Bungay, in Suffolk, who was in the habit of attending all the fairs in that neighbourhood, for the purpose of selling gingerbread nuts, and amusing the people with musick, which he played to attract them to his stall; his poney being affected with a cough, a person at Brundick, in the same county, advised him to give the animal a mixture of vinegar and honey, which, in a short time, had the desired effect, of restoring his donkey to health. The baker, reasoning on this rapid cure wrought on the animal, concluded that it might produce as salutary an effect on the human body: he

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therefore determined to give it a trial, under the name of the *Vegetable Balsam*, and commenced advertising it at a guinea per bottle, as a specifick for consumption of the lungs, &c. &c. and, strange to relate, the efficacy of this medicine (merely simple oxymel), was soon attested by people, from whose elevated situation in life, one might have supposed would have known better. He soon gave up gingerbread baking and fiddling, for the more lucrative, but less honourable, pursuit of selling honey and vinegar at a guinea a pint, by which he amassed a very considerable fortune, which soon raised him to the distinguished honour of a *Doctor of Physick*, although perfectly ignorant of pharmacy, anatomy, and diseases."

ROMAN CATHOLICK FISH-DAYS.

In the archives of a little place called St. Claude, situate in a remote corner of the most mountanious part of the county of Burgundy, are preserved the particulars of the sentence, &c. of a poor gentleman, who who was beheaded on the 28th of July, 1629. Being reduced to the utmost poverty, and urged by the most intolerable hunger he eat, on a fish day, a morsel of horse-flesh which had been killed in a neighbouring field. The following is a copy of his sentence—"Having seen all the papers of the process, and heard the opinions of the doctors learned in the law, we declare the said Claude Guil-

lon to be truly attainted and convicted of having taken away part of the flesh of a horse, killed in the meadow of the town ; of causing the said flesh to be dressed, and of eating the same on Saturday the 31st of March, &c." It concludes with this observation, "SUCH DEEDS ARE ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN'S HAIR BRISTLE WITH HORROUR !"

LOTTERY TICKETS.

In the early part of the reign of King George the Second, the footman of a lady of of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days, he put an end to his life.

In his box was found a plan of the manner in which he would spend the five thousand pound prize, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity.

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant.

"Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it ; then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset.

"My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding ; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in ; about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies and a gallon bowl of punch ; at ten a hot supper

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of two dishes; if I'm in good humour, and Grace *behaves herself*, she shall sit down with me; to bed about twelve."

A CURIOUS AND MOMENTOUS CALCULATION.

THE difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years (supposing a person should go to bed at the same times he otherwise would) amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty one days, six hours; so that it is just the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were to be added; to which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds in knowledge and virtue, or the dispatch of business.

This calculation is made without regard to the bissextile, which reduces it to three years, one hundred and eleven days, sixteen hours; and at eight hours a day, will want about a month of ten years.

To the Editor of the Polyanthos.

HAPPY in the society of a few friends of a literary turn, it has occurred to me that a few pages of the POLYANTHOS might be usefully and agreebly filled up by cursory remarks on life and manners, particularly adapted to the service of the youthful part of my own sex. As our little coterie consists of rose-lipped nymphs, *youthful matrons*, and *snow-crowned grand-dames*, we

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flatter ourselves that our united talents may furnish a paper monthly, so tempering the seriousness of age, with the vivacity of youth, as to induce your female readers to peruse with attention what shall be devoted entirely to their improvement. Happy indeed will the writers deem themselves, if their labours should recall but one female, from mere *froth* and *frivolity*, to dignity of sentiment, and habits of rationality and truth.

PSYCHE.

MENTORIAN ESSAYS.....No. 1.

"Unsullied honour decks thine open brow,
"And candour sparkles in thy modest eye."

LIGHT and darkness are scarcely more different than is true generosity, from that spurious quality, which among the young and thoughtless too often bears the name. The one is the diamond, which the more it is scrutinized, the more beautiful it appears; the other is a bungling imitation made up of disagreeable materials, whose polish cannot bear the light of the sun, but derives all its false glitter, from the glimmering of the midnight taper. The one is the ornament and delight of society, the other, a fomenter of discord, and the bane of social life. True generosity is founded upon the sacred laws of justice, and can no more exist in the human heart without a strict adherence to its rules, than a pyramid can be supported without its base; while this false kind, to which the English language has not even

deigned a definite name, but which may perhaps be expressed by the words "*ostentatious prodigality*," or a "*passion for giving*," may reign triumphant in that heart, where neither justice, nor common honesty have place. I write to the young, and I wish to address the heart; instead then, of abstract reasoning, I will give them an example from real life, and if it should be the means of recalling only one from the labyrinth of vain ostentation, to the plain but capacious dwelling of justice and generosity, I shall think my pains amply repaid.

At the age of twenty-one, when the principles of young people are supposed to be pretty much formed to the character of succeeding life, were the twin sisters, Ellenor and Jane, left in possession of a large property, by the death of their parents. This was equitably divided between them. A house, equipage, servants, &c. were at their disposal, and were to be enjoyed in common, while they both remained single.

Young, prosperous, and accomplished, with pretty faces, and uncorrupted hearts, they began the career of life. Sensible that they were decided objects of attention and regard, it was natural that each should seek so to act as to merit approbation or applause. The principles which guided the actions of Jane, were those of strict probity and honour. Equally fond of the gaieties of life, with her sister, equally followed and caressed, she

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considered that she owed it to herself, and to society, to attend punctually to every domestick arrangement, and in particular to keep the most strict and exact account of all her *money matters*. If before her rents became due, she had occasion to borrow, she suffered no pleasurable party to prevent her immediate reimbursement, the moment, she had it in her power. Indeed, so unpleasant was this method of supplying her wants, that she would, and often did, deny herself a rational gratification, and postpone for weeks, a long wished for pleasure, rather than to stoop to so degrading an alternative. In consequence she was never driven into mean subterfuges, and every part of her conduct would bear the nicest investigation. Although she gave so much to those who were real objects of charity, she was infinitely superiour to the vanity and parade of continually making presents to those who were her equals in rank and fortune. She had no need of this; she had a better claim to their regard; the perfect amiability and sweetness of her whole behaviour. Ellen, on the other hand, was guided in her conduct by the *motive* (for she *had no principle*) of selfishness and vain-glory. Sensible that the querulous pettishness of her temper was perpetually disobliging her friends and acquaintance, she flattered herself, that by lavishly scattering among them the gifts of fortune, she should obliterate the remembrance of

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former caprices. Never methodizing her exigences, she was perpetually embarrassed, and would borrow of the first person she met, and then, perhaps, borrow from a second acquaintance to pay the first, and though without a serious intention to defraud, would through giddiness and extravagance, alienate the affections of her best friends, and subject herself to the worst suspicions. Seldom indeed, was the lonely cottage of poverty visited by Ellenor, but frequently was she flattered by the exhibition of expensive baubles, which she had lavished among those who needed them not. In a few years, however, by this mode of conduct, her large fortune was annihilated, and after having fluttered in the gay circles for one year more, by dint of falshood, and borrowing what she never could repay, despised by those upon whom she had lavished her fortune, she sunk into poverty and contempt.

Briar-Hill, July 20, 1806.

For the Polyanthos.

The following letter, Mr. Editor, is offered as a specimen of genuine bombast. It was written at Cambridge, by a Mr. S—— C——, of Watertown, to Miss R—— P——.

Ex Ædibus Harvardinis, to Miss R. P.

No heart can conceive, nor tongue of men or angels express the esteem and regard which I bear your sacred and almost divine

person. Ten thousand times ten thousand graces adorn you. You are the beauty of beauties; the glory of glories; perfection upon perfection; a most notorious specimen of false heraldry; splendour upon splendour, by George; apples of gold in pictures of silver. You are the North-American Helen; the Massachusetts Venus; a galaxy; a milky way; a glittering combination of peerless, matchless, unparalleled delicacies, and unprecedented rarities; chief of all the ways of God upon earth. There is none like you; you are the ne plus of Omnipotence, relative to the human system; admired by men and angels, nay, by the very brutal herd! The Sun, that glorious king of day, stands still, as in good old father Joshua's time, blushes at his meanness, is ashamed of his own inferiour lustre; and hides his diminished head oftener than you imagine, in dark, thick, impenetrable clouds. The moon, the splendid queen of night, shines not so long as you are up and awake. The stars seem to languish, and refuse to shine till you are surely laid in sheets and blankets, which are their concomitants. I love you; I admire you; I am tortured even to non compositure for you, when I think of you. O for the kiss of kisses! the canticle kiss! the diphthong, the matrimonial, the consummate kiss! the sublime, the profound, the perforating kiss of ardent and intense charity! The Lord bless you. S—— C——.

A. D. 1743.

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SELECT SENTENCES.

FUNDAMENTAL *truths* resemble the stars; and our *reason* is like the graphometer. If this instrument, constructed for the purpose of observing the heavenly bodies, has been deranged, however slightly; if, from the point of departure, we commit a mistake of the minutest angle, the errour, at the extremity of the visual rays, becomes absolutely incommensurable.

We are apt to be very pert at censuring others, where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shews our weakness more than to be sharp-sighted at spying other men's faults, and so purblind at our own. Those have a *right* to *censure*, who have an heart to *help*; the rest is cruelty not justice.

Frugality is good, if *benevolence* be joined to it. The *first* is *leaving off* superfluous expenses, the *last* bestowing them to the benefit of those that need. The *first*, without the *last*, brings covetousness; the *last*, without the *first*, brings prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place where that is found!

Perhaps I may be thought to degrade human nature by resembling it to a *sounding instrument*. But when I see old Harpax capable of exulting at nothing but at the jingle of his money, or his nephew only delighted with the rattling of the dice box; the *musick*

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of their whole lives does not, in my opinion, come up to the variety or number (to say nothing of their *sweetness*) of notes on a *salt-box*. To what can I compare Clarinda, when she stuns us with her continual noise, while she is repeating her adventures, her conquests, her bargains, her misfortunes, but a *drum*? What is Flavia, with her changing notes, dying airs, and seraphick raptures, but an Eolian harp? And what is Amyrillis, who keeps a list of all the miscarriages and indiscretions of her acquaintance, and proclaims scandalous anecdotes through the town, but a *trumpet*?

We should observe, says Socrates, that the sun, who seems designedly exposed to the view of the whole creation, permits no one *steadily* to *behold* him. Every instrument employed by heaven is *invisible*. The *thunder* is darted from on high; it dashes in pieces every thing it meets; but no one can *see* it fall; can see it strike; can see it return. The *winds* are *invisible*; though we see well the ravages they every day commit, and feel their influence the moment they begin to blow. If there be any thing in man that partakes of the divine nature, it is his *soul*: there can be no doubt that this is his directing, governing principle; nevertheless it is impossible to see it. From all this be instructed not to despise things invisible: be instructed to acknowledge their *powers* in their *effects*; and to honour the Deity.

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THE MINSTREL.

FROM THE NEWBURYPORT HERALD.

LINES

Occasioned by seeing the "Eulogy on the American Roscius."

Say, hast thou seen that airy form
Of elegance and native grace,
Which all the little Loves adorn,
To rival Beauty's fairest face?

And hast thou seen that witching smile,
With more than magick's potent charm—
The stoick's hardest heart beguile,
And Age's coldest bosom warm?

Or hast thou seen those eyes of fire,
Like stars inlaid in azure blue,
Awaken every wild desire,
And thrill the soul with transports through?

That warm expression hast thou seen,
Yet gentler than the timid dove,
Which, drest in Virtue's purest mien,
But bids thee think, not speak, of love?—

Those features, moulded by the mind,
From each distant, varied source,
That can the mystick thought unbind,
And, silent, hold the keen discourse?

That dulcet voice with rapture steal,
To fascinate the listening ear;
Say!—didst thou then tumultuous feel,
And fond extatick pleasure hear?

Or hast thou seen blest Genius bring,
On zephyrs wafted from the skies,

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A plume, to feather Fancy's wing,
As o'er the drama's scene she flies?

Then hast thou seen, in visions wild,
The splendour of poetick light;
Like SHAKESPEARE, Nature's darling child,
Gild, more than stars, the shades of night?

Yes!—I have seen a female Muse
The soul of poetry impart;
Have felt each slumbering passion rise,
And found her pathos melt my heart!

I've seen her, fraught with SHAKESPEARE's page,
With SHAKESPEARE's wondrous flight keep pace;
Have seen her animate the stage,
And lend the Actor juster grace!

For I have seen the blue-eyed fair,
That mistress of poetick lays;
And read her sweet enchanting air—
The eulogy in COOPER's praise!

MARINERO.

SONG
FROM THE PERSIAN OF HOSEIN.

So sweet is the air that our minstrel now pours
My friends will ne'er wake from their dream of delight,
And Hosein alone must prolong the dull hours,
And cheerless respond to the gloom of the night.

So mellow the drops of the wine that each sips—
The oldest and gravest in humour are lost,
And cry, as they take the moist cup from their lips,
Boy, give us no more left we envy the host.

The song of the minstrel breaks sweet on my ear,
The rose-colour'd wine can its pleasure impart,

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But ah! her impression still lovely and dear,
No minstrel or wine can efface from my heart.

How blissful her presence, no words can express—
My looks must betray the emotions I feel;
How painful her absence, my language much less,
Can mourn for her loss and my sorrow reveal.

No cypress that shadows the walks of the grove,
So gracefully waves, when her charms are display'd,
No rose ever bloom'd in the garden of love,
So fair as the cheeks of my beautiful maid.

As musk scented gales from the desert foretell
The march of the caravan hast'ning and nigh;
This letter, perfum'd by her touch, declares well,
Her footsteps advancing to gladden my eye.

The phantoms of night deeper steal on the gloom,
A traveller I faint and far wander astray;
But lo! on the clouds the bright morn beams relume,
And Hope's no'er cares for dawn of the day.

MARINERO.

SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1806.

Written by R. T. PAINE, *jr. Esq. and sung by* Dr. PARK, *at the celebration of American Independence.*

Tune—Whilst happy in my native land.

WIDE o'er the wilderness of waves,
Untrack'd by human peril,
Our fathers roam'd for peaceful graves,
To deserts dark and sterile.
No parting pang—no long adieu
Delay'd their gallant daring;
With *them*, their *Gods* and *Country* too,
Their pilgrim keels were bearing.

All hearts unite the patriot band,
Be liberty our natal land.

II.

Their dauntless hearts no meteor led,
In terrour o'er the ocean;
From fortune and from man they fled,
To Heaven and its devotion.
Fate cannot bend the high born mind
To bigot usurpation:—
They, who had left a world behind,
Now gave that world a nation.

III.

The soil to till, to freight the sea,
By valour's arm protected—
To plant an empire brave and free,
Their sacred views directed:
But more they fear'd, than tyrant's yoke,
Insidious faction's fury;
For oft a worm destroys an oak,
Whose leaf that worm would bury.

IV.

Thus rear'd, our giant realm arose,
And claim'd our sovereign charter:—
Her life, blood-warm, from ADAMS rose,
And all her sons from *Sparta*.
Be FREE, *Columbia!* proudest name
Fame's herald wafts in story:
Be FREE, thou youngest child of Fame,
Rule, brightest heir of Glory!

V.

Thy PREBLE, mid the battle's ire,
Hath Africk's towers dejected;—
And Lybia's sands have flash'd with fire,
From EATON's sword reflected.
Thy groves, which erst the hill or plain
Entrench'd from savage plunder,
To Naiads turn'd, must cleave the main,
And sport with *Neptune's* thunder.

ODE

Written by S. WOODWORTH, *for the* FOURTH OF JULY, 1806.

Tune—"*Rise Columbia.*"

WHEN from our shores BELLONA'S Car
Recoil'd amid dread scenes of war,
Columbia's Genius—the Genius of our land
Thus gave her sons this great command:
"*Revere fair Freedom's chosen son,*
"*Protect with life the Prize he won.*"

High on her right the HERO stood,
Victorious from the fields of blood,
And pois'd to Heaven his reeking blade,
As witness to the vow he made:—
"*This Arm, with Heaven for its shield,*
"*Shall ever guard the dear bought field.*"

The Goddess heard the solemn vow,
And twin'd the laurel round his brow,
While swell'd the anthem to his praise,
And spheres responsive caught the lays:—
"*Revere the Hero WASHINGTON!*
"*For he your Independence won.*"

Then while we consecrate the DAY,
Which gave our land its lawful sway,
Let all our bosoms glow with fires
Becoming sons of Hero-sires:—
Swear ne'er to forfeit what they won,
While earth revolves around the sun.

While MARS' red banner floats unfurl'd,
O'er the blood delug'd eastern world;
Here PEACE shall bless us with her reign,
While VIRTUE, RIGHT, and FAITH remain:
Then let mad Europe blush to see,
That Peace can dwell with Liberty.

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But if our foes should e'er conspire
To kindle FREEDOM's funeral pyre,
And homebred traitors join the band
To subjugate their native land :—
Our Youth indignant shall arise
And save the dearly purchas'd prize.

Then while our goblets flow with wine,
And rich libations grace the shrine,
In clouds of incense to the skies
Let this inspiring theme arise :
" The Youth of Freedom e'er will be
" Champions of sacred Liberty."

Our fathers fought, and scorn'd to yield,
'Till dire OPPRESSION fled the field ;
Then gave this mandate with the prize
To unborn patriots yet to rise :—
" Protect the blessing we bestow,
" And guard your Rights from every foe."

Then, YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, rise and swear
To hold the glorious NAME you bear ;
Your dear bought FREEDOM to maintain,
While Ocean, Earth, and Skies remain ;
And like your fathers will to be
INDEPENDENT, GREAT and FREE.

TO THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE.

MYSTICK source of strange expression,
Fairest link of nature's chain.
Stamp'd with God's divine impression
O'er his mighty works to reign.

Whence, O say, thy magick treasure ?
From what wide, unknown abyss
Ever yield'st thou endless pleasure.
Speechless, gentlest, wildest bliss ?

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Is it in thy front aspiring,
Where the virgin lily blows,
While with living purple firing
Spreads the gentle blushing rose?

Or with pensive lustre streaming,
Where yon sparkling glories rise,
Sweetly sad, like Cynthia beaming
In thy love inspiring eyes?

Is it in yon bed of roses,
Breathing thousand odours round
Lucy's lip, where love reposes
In ethereal fetters bound?

Or in yonder winding dimples,
Magick cells of fairy art,
Where the elfin, culling simples,
Brews his spell upon the heart.

"Cease, O cease thee, sightless creature,"
Thus I hear thee stern reply,
"'Tis not in *one* wizard feature
My enchanting sources lie;

Neither yet, where gently flowing
Each in each congenial run,
Softly blending, fading, glowing,
Sweetly struggling into one.

But in that mysterious union,
Secret source of strange controul,
In that sweet divine communion
Of the features and the soul.

Ponder then, O child of pleasure,
Haste to seize on VIRTUE's grace,
Would'st thou have the magick treasure
Of a love inspiring face."

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THE TEAR.

How seldom, in this desert vale,
Congenial happiness we find;
Seldom that friendship's steady gale
Reanimates the drooping mind!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dries but awhile the bitter tear!

Scarce bud the wishes of the heart,
When, blighted by distrust, they die;
We feel the sun of bliss depart
And o'er our fairest prospects sigh!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dries but awhile the bitter tear!

Ah! when, to ills no more a prey,
Shall yet the wearied soul repose!
Soon, and behold earth's toilsome day,
An everlasting sabbath close!
Fresh from the tree of life, is near,
The breeze that dries the bitter tear!

SONNET.

Dear little boaster, proud and vain,
So cold to Love's delicious glow;
Ungrateful, to deride my pain,
And mock these tears, that, burning, flow;

But Time shall come, with stealthful pace,
Thy seraph-beauty to disarm,
To snatch that sweetness from thy face,
When thou shalt strive in vain, to charm.

But know, when from this wounded side
The festering arrow shall be torn:
Just vengeance shall repay thy pride,
Thy torturing anguish wake my scorn;
Then shalt thou feel my harsh disdain,
Thou little boaster, proud and vain.

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BON TON.

Sir Hal and Lady Sneer were heard
Disputing which had most regard:
Says madam, "When I die, my love,
Your guardian angel I will prove,
And hover round you night and day,
Lest you, my heart, should *go astray*!"
"And *I* shall be so blest, my dear,"
Cried spouse, "beneath your *phantom* care,
That *speedy as you please*, my love,
You may my *guardian angel* prove."

LOVE ALAMODE.

Love still commands my heart and purse,
Life else would not be worth possessing;
Yet never let me make a curse
What Jove intended for a blessing.
If faithless Chloe should deceive,
Am I to suffer darts and anguish?
No, gentle ladies, by your leave,
I wish to *love*, but not to *languish*!

EPIGRAM.

To a young lady who married a very old man.

Since thou wouldst need, bewitch'd with some ill charms,
Be buried in those monumental arms;
All we can wish, is, may the earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs, and so good night.

MODERN SONNET.

Dark was the night, and loud the wind-storm howl'd;
Around, above, the vivid lightnings glare:
The thunder's awful noise unceasing roll'd
In dreadful peals along the troubled air!

When Arthur, silent, bent his careful way
Across the landing's dun and dangerous gloom;
Seiz'd on the massy door—that straight gave way—
And enter'd slow the horrour-breathing room!
Trembling, with dumb amazement now he trod,
While hope and fear his breast alternate sway'd!
Reach'd where he knew full well there erst had stood
A table dimly gleaming in the shade.
He felt, but utter'd, with terrifick fear,
"*G—d d— the tinder box! it is not here!!!*"

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

SOMETHING OF THE WONDERFUL.

NATURE has been uncommonly prolifick the present summer, in marvellous productions; and Boston seems to have been the principal theatre of their exhibition. Within the short space of *two little months*, the publick have been amused with —a calf with two heads—a calf with a human head—a non-descript biped from the East-Indies; *alas* a shaved bear, caught in the woods of Vermont—a young lady without hands, who paints with her mouth—two Arabian dromedaries—a sheep with five feet and six legs, &c. The "time would fail us" to recount *all* these wonders; we therefore close the catalogue with the following advertisement from the Newport Mercury of July 19; by which it seems the learned pig of Mr. Pinchbeck is at length outdone.

"The *African Horse*, which is now the Horse of Knowledge, will be exhibited every day, Sun-

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days excepted, at Mr. Townsend's ſtable, in Pelham-ſtreet, until Saturday, July 26.—This beautiful animal was caught on the coaſt of Africa, and from the beauty and peculiarity of his colours and ſhape, was imported into this country, and exhibited as a natural curioſity. He is variegated with four very rich and diſtinct colours, which are formed into beautiful circular ſpots, ſimilar to thoſe of the Leopard, and his tail reſembles that of the Elephant. Excluſive of theſe peculiarities, he will add, ſubtract, multiply and divide; tell the hour of the day by a watch; the number of buttons on a gentleman's coat, and the number of perſons preſent, with many other pleaſing manœuvres and marks of ſagacity, which excite admiration. No danger need be apprehended during the performance, as the apartment is rendered very convenient."

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE Alexandria Advertiſer of July 11, ſays "The publick are reſpectfully informed, that the Spring Garden Theatre will open on Monday, July 21; where the Philadelphia and Baltimore Company mean to offer the ladies and gentlemen of Alexandria and its vicinity *One Month's Amuſement*. The entertainments will be ſelect, and no exertions ſpared to merit their patronage."

THE Summer Theatre at Vauxhall Gardens, New-York, opened on the 9th of July, with the comedy of *Animal Magnetiſm*. The company conſiſts of Meſſrs. Twaits, Sully, Hogg, Young, Ringwood, Charnock, &c. Mrs. Young, Mrs. Villiers, Miſſes Dellinger, White, &c.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnſon are about embarking for Europe. In a Card to the citizens of New-York, Mrs. J. "returns to the publick and her friends

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her warm acknowledgments for their liberal patronage in the line of her profession, and for all the acts of private courtesy and friendship she has so often enjoyed. At the moment of bidding adieu, she assures them, that she parts with painful regret, and that, through all her future life, their acts of generosity and friendship will be remembered with the most grateful emotions."

The Providence Theatre opened on the 4th of July, with the *Honey Moon*; *Duke D'Aranza*, Mr. Harper; *Rolando*, Mr. Bates; *Jaques*, Mr. Turnbull; *Juliana*, Mrs. Harper.—The company are now on an excursion to Newport, where they opened on the 21st, with the same play, and *Sprigs of Laurel*; *Nipperkin*, Mr. Bates.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

FOR the satisfaction of those whom it may concern, we insert the following lines from the letter which enclosed the "POSTSCRIPT," &c. in our last: "The characters here sketched are purely imaginary, and the asterisks introduced are mere aids to the metre; except in two instances, line 45, and line 56. But I have chosen to asterise the whole, that their application, or rather misapplication, may serve as an amusement for your idle readers. S."

A FRAGMENT we think would not be interesting to the majority of our readers.

PSYCHE has our warmest thanks for her repeated contributions. *Mentorian Essays* are welcome.

We wish HARRIOT had sent us, with her *Sonnet*, a piece of the *Currant Pie* to which it was addressed. We should then have been able to have formed a more correct judgment of the *niceness* of the one and the *truth* of the other.

WILL any gentleman favour us with a Portrait and Memoir of General EATON?

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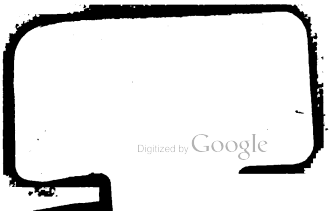
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